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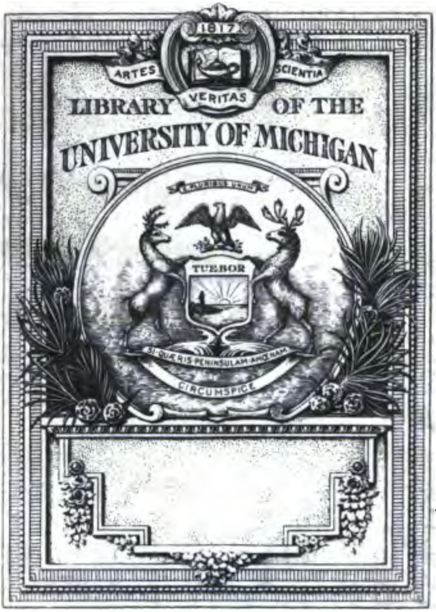
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MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

Anglicè reddidit

GULIELMUS HAY.

APPENDICEM ſibi vendicant

COULEIUS & Alii.

LONDINI:

Proſtant venales apud R. & J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall.

MDCCLV.

SELECT EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

Translated and Imitated

By WILLIAM HAY, Eſq;

WITH

An APPENDIX

Of ſome by Cowley, and other Hands.

LONDON:

Printed for R. and J. Dodsley in Pall-mall.

MDCCLV.

PREFACE.

SOME years ago, the following per-formance was undertaken for amuſe-ment; and it is hoped, the reviſal and publication will not be thought entirely vanity. If it may ſometimes excite mirth in the reader; that is not the principal aim and intention: which is to make him wiſer, by exhibiting a picture of life by a maſterly hand. What ſhall I call it? It is a tranſlation or imitation, of M—l; or both. Not all his epigrams: it would be un-pardonable. [illegible] of obſcenity, [illegible] and others of [illegible], unbe-coming a Roman: and great numbers con-cerning his own writings are omitted, for fear of cloying the reader. Some few will not admit of a tranſlation, and not a few are too trifling to deſerve it: and of this laſt ſort, perhaps I might have been for-given, if I had retrenched more. What I have ſelected are generally moral or in-ſtructive; in which a great variety of cha-

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racters is introduced; and the follies and foibles of many are juſtly ridiculed. Theſe follies and foibles are the ſame in all ages, and among all people, reſembling each other in opulence. For man, who in thought can traverſe the univerſe, is confined in action to the narrow labyrinth of this life: where he is ever changing the walks in ſearch of ſomething new and entertaining; but in all the variety cannot diſcover one, which hath not been trod before. What was practiſed at Rome near ſeventeen hundred years ſince, is now going on at London. Shift but the ſcene, and you would think Martial was laſhing our times. The cap fits exactly. Therefore to entertain the reader, inſtead of attending him to the Capitol, I go with him to Paul's; and conduct him through the moſt remarkable parts of the town and its environs: where inſtead of a conſul or prætor, he meets with the ſpeaker or lord mayor; and not with Marcus, Caius, or Publius, but with Jack, Tom, Harry, and the reſt of his acquaintance. Many of the Roman cuſtoms are very different from ours; and in theſe caſes I am forced to

take a latitude, and make the parallel as well as I can. For inſtance, ſupper was their beſt meal, and dinner is ours; and therefore when the Roman ſups, the Engliſhman often dines. I cannot make the laſt a candidate for the conſulate; but him for a ſeat in parliament. He goes not to Baiæ, but Bath; not to Anxur, but Harrow. He bathes not every day, but appears at Ranelagh, &c.

I have added in an appendix ſuch epigrams as I found in Cowley, or the Spectator, as a deſert to a coarſe entertainment. Thoſe I could not think of attempting; ſince thoſe by worſe hands might make mine of little value. There may be many more diſperſed in miſcellanies, but they have not fallen in my way. If I had met with any which I have tranſlated, I would not have made the world a worſe preſent.

[illegible] from thinking, that I am a favourite of the muſes, or that Apollo will place me in any eminent ſtation. On the contrary (*aurem vellit*) he admoniſhes me as my years ought to do, and to make me ſay with the wiſer man, (*Nunc itaque et verſus et cætera ludicra pono*) that I renounce

poetry and trifles. But I have before mentioned my motive to this attempt: and of all ſpecies of verſe, this is the leaſt diſcouraging. It requires not (*os magna ſonaturum*) pompous and ſublime expreſſions; but (*ſermoni propiora*) the moſt eaſy and familiar. The tranſlator or imitator is only to adapt the idioms and parallels; the hint or thought is furniſhed by the original. And indeed, little can any of my countrymen now expect to ſucceed on their own fund. Parnaſſus hath been culled from top to bottom; and ſcarce a wreath more is to be gathered there. Engliſh poetry hath been carried to its height; and as the Latin from the Auguſtan age was in its decline; ours is ſo at preſent. Not very many are the pieces now extant; and one may venture to propheſy, that fewer will appear hereafter, which can or will be read with pleaſure, after Shakeſpear, Milton, Dryden, and Pope.

I have one favour to beg of the reader: that where ever any character is ridiculed, and I uſe any common name or title, he would not apply it to individuals. Such names and titles are taken up at adventure;

ſome-

ſometimes for the ſake of ſound or metre; and in general to make the epigram appear more natural and familiar. And I can with truth and ſincerity declare, that I never once had a particular perſon in my view. Were I to cenſure others, my own foibles would reprove me. And it would ill become me to ridicule my neighbour, who lay ſo open to ridicule myſelf. Nor have I the leaſt provocation; for, I thank God, I have no enemy. I know of none; and ſhould be ſorry to create any; and to offend, where I intended to divert. If any thing is applied, I am innocent: and there can be but one of theſe two perſons to blame; either he, who applies unjuſtly; or he, who deſerves the application.

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The other is in Duodecimo; with the original in the oppoſite pages, for the ſake of comparing it with the verſion:—He hopes, that this edition may be received in ſchools, to improve young gentlemen in an intimate acquaintance with the beſt parts of a valuable claſſic.

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ERRATA.

In the Latin.

Pag. 16. lin. 8. *for* lautus erat, *r.* lautus eras.
76. lin. penult. *for* epigrammata, *r.* epigramma.
136. lin. 2. *for* ſimilis, *r.* ſimiles.
158. lin. 7. *for* ſpecifer, *r.* ſpicifer.
168. lin. 6. *for* concarbitarum, *r.* cucurbitarum.
188. lin. 15. *for* nurm, *r.* nurum.

In the English.

Pag. 7. lin. 15. *for* his aim, *r.* its aim.
87. l. ult. *for* ſeem, *r.* ſeems.
153. lin. 2. *for* wine, *r.* wind.
177. lin. 16. *for* friend, *r.* friends.
187. lin. 11. *for* revives, *r.* receives.
ibid. lin. 12. *for* taking plains, *r.* pains.
191. lin. 19. *for* my cauſe, *r.* your cauſe.

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

LIBER PRIMUS.

IV. *Ad librum ſuum.*

ARGILETANAS mavis habitare tabernas,
  Cùm tibi, parve liber, ſcrinia noſtra vacent.
Neſcis, heu, neſcis dominæ faſtidia Romæ:
  Crede mihi, nimium Martia turba ſapit.
Majores nuſquam ronchi; juveneſque ſeneſque
  Et pueri naſum Rhinocerotis habent.
Audieris cùm grande ſophos, dum baſia captas,
  Ibis ab excuſſo miſſus in aſtra ſago.
Sed tu, ne toties domini patiare lituras,
  Néve notet luſus triſtis arundo tuos;
Ætherias, laſcive, cupis volitare per auras:
  I, fuge; ſed poteras tutior eſſe domi.

IX. *De-*

SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

Book the First.

Epigram IV. *To his Book.*

WHY in Pall-mall with Dodſley will you dwell,
When in my deſk you ſtill might lodge ſo well?
Little you know, how nice the taſte in town:
The meaneſt of mankind are critics grown.
Sneerers abound; the beau, the man in years,
The boy at ſchool, the ſcoff of Bentley wears.
They cry, ‘Extremely fine!’ You gorge the lye;
But ſoon in rockets to the ſtars ſhall fly.
You, who caſtration dread, who hate my ſtrokes,
And grave correction of your idle jokes,
On wanton wing now ſigh abroad to roam:
Away:——but you might ſafer be at home.

IX. *Deciani dogma laudat.*

QUOD magni Thraſeæ, conſummatíque Catonis
Dogmata ſic ſequeris, ſalvus ut eſſe velis;
Pectore nec nudo ſtrictos incurris in enſes:
Quod feciſſe velim te, Deciane, facis,
Nolo virum, facili redimit qui ſanguine famam:
Hunc volo, laudari qui ſinè morte poteſt.

XI. *De Gemello, & Maronillâ.*

PETIT Gemellus nuptias Maronillæ,
Et cupit, & inſtat, & precatur, & donat.
Adeóne pulchra eſt? imò fœdius nil eſt.
Quid ergo in illâ petitur & placet? tuſſit.

XIV. *De Arria & Pæto.*

CASTA ſuo gladium cùm traderet Arria Pæto,
Quem de viſceribus traxerat ipſa ſuis:
Si qua fides, vulnus, quod feci, non dolet, inquit;
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.

XVI. *Ad Julium.*

O mihi poſt nullos Juli memorande ſodales;
Si quid longa fides, caſtaque jura valent:
Bis jam penè tibi conſul trigeſimus inſtat,
Et numerat paucos vix tua vita dies.
Non bene diſtuleris, videas quæ poſſe negari;
Et ſolum hoc ducas, quod fuit, eſſe tuum.

Exſpectant

Ep. IX.

THAT you, like Thraſea, or like Cato, great,
Purſue their maxims, but decline their fate;
Nor raſhly point the dagger to your heart;
More to my wiſh you act a Roman's part.
I like not him, who fame by death retrieves:
Give me the man, who merits praiſe, and lives.

Ep. XI.

To lady Mary Belair makes addreſſes;
Preſents he makes, ſighs, preſſes, and profeſſes.
Is ſhe ſo fair?——No lady ſo ill off.
What is ſo captivating then?——her cough.

Ep. XIV.

WHEN the chaſte Arria drew the reeking ſword
From her own breaſt, and gave it to her lord;
This wound, ſhe ſaid, believe me, I deſpiſe:
I feel that deeper by which Pætus dies.

Ep. XVI.

THOU, whom (if faith or honour recommends
A friend) I rank amongſt my deareſt friends,
Remember, you are now almoſt threeſcore:
Few days of life remain, if any more.
Defer not, what no future time inſures:
And only what is paſt, eſteem that yours.

Exſpectant curæque catenatíque labores.
Guadia non remanent, ſed fugitiva volant.
Hæc utrâque manu complexûque aſſere toto:
Sæpe fluunt imo ſic quoque lapſa ſinu.
Non eſt, crede mihi, ſapientis dicere, vivam.
Sera nimis vita eſt craſtina; vive hodie.

XXII. *De Porſenâ & Mucio Scævolâ.*

CUM peteret regem decepta ſatellite dextra,
Ingeſſit ſacris ſe peritura focis.
Sed tam ſæva pius miracula non tulit hoſtis,
Et raptum flammis juſſit abire virum.
Urere quam potuit contempto Mucius igne,
Hanc ſpectare manum Porſena non potuit.
Major deceptæ fama eſt & gloria dextræ.
Si non erráſſet, fecerat illa minus.

XXVI. *Ad Fauſtinum.*

EDE tuos tandem populo, Fauſtine, libellos,
Et cultum docto pectore profer opus:
Quod nec Cecropiæ damnent Pandionis arces,
Nec ſileant noſtri, prætereántque ſenes.
Ante fores ſtantem dubitas admittere famam?
Téque piget curæ præmia ferre tuæ?
Poſt te victuræ, per te quoque vivere chartæ
Incipiant. cineri gloria ſera venit.

XXXIV. *De*

Succeſſive cares and trouble for your ſtay;
Pleaſure not ſo; it nimbly fleets away.
Then ſeize it faſt; embrace it ere it flies;
In the embrace it vaniſhes and dies.
I'll live to-morrow, will a wiſe man ſay?
To-morrow is too late, then live to day.

Ep. XXII.

THE hand, which ſtruck the ſervant for the king,
Did in the fire itſelf a victim fling.
The dreadful wonder mov'd the pious foe:
He ſnatch'd the man from flames, and let him go.
Mucius unmov'd the hand to burn decreed;
Porſena could not view the tragic deed.
That hand by failing gain'd a nobler fame;
And leſs had done, had it not miſs'd his aim.

Ep. XXVI.

YOUR book, Sir George, now give to public uſe;
From your rich fund the poliſh'd piece produce:
Which will defy the Louvre's nicer laws;
And from our critics here command applauſe.
Fame at your portal waits; the door why barr'd?
Why loth to take your labour's juſt reward?
Let works live with you, which will long ſurvive;
For honours after death too late arrive.

XXXIV. *De Gelliâ.*

AMISSUM non flet, cùm ſola eſt Gellia, patrem.
Si quis adeſt, juſſæ proſiliunt lacrymæ.
Non dolet hic, quiſquis laudari, Gellia, quærit;
Ille dolet verè, qui ſinè teſte dolet.

XXXVII. *Ad Lucanum, & Tullum.*

SI, Lucane, tibi, vel ſi tibi, Tulle, darentur,
Qualia Ledæi fata Lacones habent:
Nobilis hæc eſſet pietatis rixa duobus,
Quòd pro fratre mori vellet uterque prior:
Diceret infernas & quod prior îſſet ad umbras;
Vive tuo, frater, tempore; vive meo.

XL. *Ad Decianum.*

SI, quis erit, raros inter numerandus amicos,
Quales priſca fides, famáque novit anus:
Si quis Cecropiæ madidus Latiæque Minervæ
Artibus, & verâ ſimplicitate bonus:
Si quis erit recti cuſtos, imitator honeſti,
Et nihil arcano qui roget ore deos:
Si quis erit magnæ ſubnixus robore mentis;
Diſpeream, ſi non hic Decianus erit.

XLIII. *De Porciâ uxore Bruti.*

CONJUGIS audîſſet fatum cùm Porcia Bruti,
Et ſubtracta ſibi quæreret arma dolor:

Nondum

Ep. XXXIV.

Her father dead!——Alone no grief ſhe knows;
Th' obedient tear at every viſit flows.
No mourner he, who muſt with praiſe be fee'd!
But he, who mourns in ſecret, mourns indeed!

Ep. XXXVII.

Fraternal love in ſuch ſtrong currents runs,
That were your fate, like that of Leda's ſons;
This were the ſingle, but the generous, ſtrife,
Which for the other firſt ſhould yield his life:
He firſt would cry, who firſt ſhould breath reſign,
Live thou, dear brother, both thy days and mine.

Ep. XL.

Is there a friend, like thoſe diſtinguiſh'd few,
Renown'd for faith, whom former ages knew;
Poliſh'd by art, in every ſcience wiſe;
Truly ſincere, and good without diſguiſe;
Guardian of right, who doth by honour ſteer;
Who makes no prayer but all the world may hear;
Who doth on fortitude of mind depend?
I knew indeed, but dare not name, that friend.

Ep. XLIII.

When Porcia was inform'd, her lord was dead;
And the ſtoln dagger ſought in vain; ſhe ſaid,

Nondum ſcitis, ait, mortem non poſſe nègari?
Credideram ſatìs hoc vos docuiſſe patrem.
Dixit, & ardentes avido bibit ore favillas:
I nunc, & ferrum, turba moleſta, nega.

LV. *Ad Fuſcum.*

Si quid, Fuſce, vacas adhuc amari;
Nam ſunt hinc tibi, ſunt & hinc amici:
Unum, ſi ſupereſt, locum rogamus:
Nec me, quòd tibi ſum novus, recuſes:
Omnes hoc veteres tui fuerunt.
Tu tantùm inſpice, qui novus paratur
An poſſit fieri vetus ſodalis.

LVIII. *Ad Flaccum.*

Qualem, Flacce, velim, quæris, nolímve puellam?
Nolo nimis facilem, difficilémque nimis.
Illud, quod medium eſt, atque inter utrumque, probamus.
Nec volo, quod cruciat; nec volo, quod ſatiat.

LXII. *Ad Licinianum, ſcriptores unde.*

Verona docti ſyllabas amat vatis;
Marone felix Mantua eſt:

Cenſetur

'Think ye, the means are wanting to expire?
'Are ye ſo ill inſtructed by my ſire?'
The burning coals then greedily devour'd;
Crying, 'Unkind attendants, keep the ſword.'

Ep. LV.

YOU, whom your faithful friends ſurround,
Can there within your breaſt be found
One place another friend to grace?
Oh! grant to me that happy place!
Refuſe me not, becauſe untried;
So once were all your friends beſide.
Weigh well the man; for from the new
May grow a good old friend and true.

Ep. LVIII.

YOU aſk me, dear friend, 'What laſs I'd enjoy:
I would have one, that's neither too coming nor coy,
A medium is beſt, that gives us no pain,
By too much indulgence, or too much diſdain.

Ep. LXII.

WHILST Milton's read, or ſilver Thames ſhall run,
Will great Auguſta boaſt her greater ſon.

Cenſetur Apona Livio ſuo tellus,
  Stellâque nec Flacco minùs:
Apollodoro plaudit imbrifer Nilus;
  Naſone Peglini ſonant.
Duóſque Senecas, unicúmque Lucanum
  Facunda loquitur Corduba.
Gaudent jocoſæ Canio ſuo Gades;
  Emerita Deciano meo.
Te, Liciniane, gloriabitur noſtra,
  Nec me tacebit Bilbilis.

LXXIV. *Ad*

Avon ſhall flow as proud of Shakeſpear's name;
Alike in genius, and the next in fame.
Waller polite from Hertford's bounds removes,
To court the fair in Penſhurſt's raviſh'd groves.
The lofty Denham, from Hibernia's ſhore,
Makes Cooper's Hill what Pindus was before.
Hear Cowley's infant cries! the town he hates:
Bear him, ye ſwans, to Chertſey's green retreats.
But let her Prior in the town remain,
With well-wrought tales his town to entertain.
The Coritani deck their Dryden's bays:
Th' accompliſh'd Addiſon his Belgæ praiſe.
Pope's Windſor Dryads liſten to his verſe;
And at his grot the Naiads ſlack their courſe.
Cornavian climes the merry Butler bore:
And tender Otway grac'd my native ſhore. †

Ep. LXXIV.

Notes explanatory of the foregoing Epigram.

† Milton was born in London, 1608.—Shakeſpear at Stratford on Avon, 1564. — Waller at Coleshil in Hertfordſhire on the confines of Bucks, 1605.—Denham at Dublin, 1615.—Cowley at London, 1618.—Prior at London, 1664.—Dryden at Oldwincle in Northamptonſhire, 1631.—Addiſon at Milſton in Wiltſhire, 1671.—Pope in Windſor Foreſt, —Butler at Strenſham in Worceſterſhire, 1612.—Otway at Trotton in Suſſex, 1651.

N. B. The Roman Coritani included Northamptonſhire: the Belgæ, Wiltſhire; and the Cornavii, Worceſterſhire.

LXXIV. *Ad Cæcilianum.*

NULLUS in urbe fuit totâ, qui tangere vellet
Uxorem gratìs, Cæciliane, tuam ;
Dum licuit : ſed nunc poſitis cuſtodibus, ingens
Turba fututorum eſt. ingenioſus homo es.

LXXXVII. *De Novio micropſycho.*

VICINUS meus eſt, manûque tangi
De noſtris Novius poteſt feneſtris.
Quis non invideat mihi, putétque
Horis omnibus eſſe me beatum,
Juncto cui liceat frui ſodale?
Tam longè eſt mihi, quàm Terentianus,
Qui nunc Niliacam regit Syenen.
Non convivere, nec videre ſaltem,
Non audire licet : nec urbe totâ
Quiſquam eſt tam propè, tam procúlque nobis :
Migrandum eſt mihi longiùs, vel illi.
Vicinus Novio, vel inquilinus
Sit, ſi quis Novium videre non vult.

XC. *Ad Cinnam.*

GARRIS in aurem ſemper omnibus, Cinna ;
Garris & illud, teſte quod licet turbâ.

Rides

Ep. LXXIV.

Your wife's the plaineſt piece a man can ſee:
No ſoul would touch her, whilſt you left her free:
But ſince to guard her you employ all arts,
The rakes beſiege her.—You're a man of parts!

Ep. LXXXVII.

Sir Formal's houſe adjoining ſtands:
We from our windows may ſhake hands,
Bleſt ſituation! you will ſay.
Do not you envy me I pray,
Who may, at early hours and late,
Enjoy a friend ſo intimate?
Sir Formal is to me, as near,
As is the Conſul at Algier.
So far from intimacy is it,
We ſeldom ſpeak, we never viſit.
In the whole town no ſoul can be
So near, and yet ſo far from me.
'Tis time for him or me to ſtart;
We cannot meet, unleſs we part.
Would you ſir Formal keep aloof;
Take lodgings under the ſame roof.

Ep. XC.

Your powder'd noſe you thruſt in every ear;
And whiſper that, which all the world may hear:

In

Rides in aurem, quereris, arguis, ploras:
Cantas in aurem, judicas, taces, clamas.
Adeóne penitus ſedit hic tibi morbus,
Ut ſæpe in aurem, Cinna, Cæſarem laudes?

C. *Ad Calenum avarum.*

Non plenum modò vicies habebas,
Sed tam prodigus, atque liberalis.
Et tam lautus erat, Calene, ut omnes
Optarent tibi centies amici.
Audit vota Deus, precéſque noſtras;
Atque intrà, puto, ſeptimas Calendas
Mortes hoc tibi quatuor dederunt.
At tu ſic, quaſi non foret relictum,
Sed raptum tibi centies, abiſti
In tantam miſer eſuritionem,
Ut convivia ſumptuoſiora,
Toto quæ ſemel apparas in anno,
Nigræ ſordibus explices monetæ;
Et ſeptem veteres tui ſodales
Conſtemus tibi plumbeâ ſelibrâ.
Quid dignum meritis precemur iſtis?
Optamus tibi millies, Calene:
Hoc ſi contigerit, fame peribis.

In whiſpers ſmile, or wear a diſmal face:
In whiſpers ſtate, or elſe lament, the caſe:
Now hum a tune, judicious now appear,
Now hold your tongue, now hollow, in the ear.
Is this a ſecret too? Your accent raiſe:
We love the king, whom you in whiſpers praiſe.

Ep. C.

WHEN ſome time ſince you had not clear
Above three hundred pounds a year,
You lived ſo well, your bounty ſuch,
Your friends all wiſh'd you twice as much:
Heaven with our wiſhes ſoon complied;
In ſix months four relations died.
But you, ſo far from having more,
Seem robb'd of what you had before:
A greater miſer every day,
Live in a curſed ſtarving way:
Scarce entertain us once a year;
And then not worth a groat the cheer:
Seven old companions, men of ſenſe,
Scarce coſt you now as many pence.
What ſhall we wiſh you on our part?
What wiſh can equal your deſert?
Thouſands a year may heaven grant!
Then you will ſtarve, and die for want!

* N. B. The 56th by Cowley.—118th, by Oldham.—1ſt in Spectator 446.—69th in Spectator 113.

SELECT

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

III. *Ad Sextum.*

SEXTE, nihil debes; nil debes, Sexte, fatemur:
Debet enim, ſi quis ſolvere, Sexte, poteſt.

V. *Ad Decianum.*

NE valeam, ſi non totis, Deciane, diebus,
Et tecum totis noctibus eſſe velim.
Sed duo ſunt, quæ nos diſtinguunt, millia paſſûm;
Quatuor hæc fiunt, cùm rediturus eam.
Sæpe domi non es: cùm ſis quoque, ſæpe negaris:
Vel tantùm cauſis, vel tibi ſæpe vacas.
Te tamen ut videam, duo millia non piget ire:
Ut tē non videam, quatuor ire piget.

XI. *Ad*

SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

BOOK the SECOND.

Ep. III.

YOU ſay, you nothing owe; and ſo I ſay:
He only owes, who ſomething hath to pay.

Ep. V.

MAY I not live, but, were it in my power,
With thee I'd paſs both day and night each hour.
Two miles I go to ſee you; and two more
When I return; and two and two make four.
Often denied; often from home you're gone:
Are buſy oft; and oft would be alone.
Two miles, to ſee you, give me no great pain:
Four, not to ſee you, go againſt the grain.

XI. *Ad Rufum de Selio.*

QUÒD fronte Selium nubilâ vides, Rufe;
Quòd ambulator porticum terit ſerus;
Lugubre quiddam quòd tacet piger vultus;
Quòd penè terram tangit indecens naſus;
Quòd dextra pectus pulſat, & comam vellit:
Non ille amici fata luget, aut fratris.
Uterque natus vivit, & precor vivat.
Salva eſt & uxor, ſarcinæque, ſervíque:
Nihil colonus, villicúſque decoxit.
Mæroris igitur cauſa quæ? domi cœnat.

XVI. *In Zoilum.*

ZOÏLUS ægrotat, faciunt hanc ſtragula febrem:
Si fuerit ſanus, coccina quid facient?
Quid torus à Nilo? quid Sidone tinctus olenti?
Oſtendit ſtultas quid niſi morbus opes?
Quid tibi cum medicis? dimitte Machaonas omnes.
Vis fieri ſanus? ſtragula ſume mea.

Ep. XI.

See you the cloud on yonder mortal's face?
Walking the Mall, the laſt who quits the place:
In tragic ſilence, and in dumps profound,
His noſe almoſt draws furrows on the ground:
His wig he twitches, and he canes the air.
Is he for friend or brother in deſpair?
'Tis no ſuch thing. Two ſons with him do dwell;
They both are promiſing, they both are well:
So his good wife, for whom we all do pray:
Safe are his bags; nor ſervants run away:
Duly accounts his ſteward for his rent;
And by his bailiff's care his crops augment.
Say, from what cauſe can ſuch affliction come!
Is there not cauſe? ye gods! he ſups at home.

Ep. XVI.

Vainlove is ill: his illneſs is his bed,
Made up of chintz and ſilks prohibited:
Near it an Indian ſcreen, and work'd ſettee,
Inflame his fever to a high degree.
When he is well, theſe fopperies are not ſeen:
They make him ſick, and give us too the ſpleen.
Diſmiſs his doctors; and apply my ſpell;
Let him change beds with me, and he'll be well.

XVIII. *In Maximum.*

CAPTO tuam, pudet heu, ſed capto, Maxime, cœnam:
Tu captas aliam. jam ſumus ergo pares.
Manè ſalutatum venio: tu diceris iſſe
Antè ſalutatum. jam ſumus ergo pares.
Sum comes ipſe tuus, tumidíque anteambulo regis:
Tu comes alterius. jam ſumus ergo pares.
Eſſe ſat eſt ſervum: jam nolo vicarius eſſe.
Quì rex eſt, regem, Maxime, non habeat.

XXX. *In Caium.*

MUTUA viginti ſeſtertia fortè rogabam,
Quæ vel donanti non grave munus erat.
Quippe rogabatur felíxque, vetúſque ſodalis,
Et cujus laxas area flagellat opes.
Is mihi, dives eris, ſi cauſas egeris, inquit.
Quod peto da, Caï, non peto conſilium.

XXXII. *In Ponticum.*

LIS mihi cum Balbo eſt; tu Balbum offendere non vis,
Pontice: cum Licino eſt; hic quoque magnus homo eſt.
Vexat ſæpe meum Patrobas confinis agellum;
Contra libertum Cæſaris ire times.
Abnegat & retinet noſtrum Laronia ſervum:
Reſpondes; orba eſt, dives, anus, vidua.
Non bene, crede mihi, ſervo ſervitur amico:
Sit liber, dominus qui volet eſſe meus.

XXXVII. *In*

Ep. XVIII.

I haunt your table, led by my ill ſtar:
And you another's:——then we're on a par.
Your levee I frequent: and you go far
Unto another's:——ſtill we're on a par.
I, your led captain, walk before you bare:
You are another's:——ſtill we're we're on a par.
Though ſervant, yet I'll be no ſervant's ſlave:
A maſter ſhould himſelf no maſter have.

Ep. XXX.

When twenty pounds I'd borrow of a friend,
One, who might give me more, as well as lend;
Bleſt in his fortune; my companion old;
Whoſe coffers, and whoſe purſe-ſtrings, crack with gold;
'Turn lawyer, and you'll ſoon grow rich, he cries:
Give what I aſk, my friend:——'tis not advice.

Ep. XXXII.

Will and I differ;——who ſo great as Will?
Too great for you.——And Tom is greater ſtill.
My neighbour Cringer treſpaſſeth my land;
You dare not favourites at court withſtand.
The widow Scrapeall doth my goods withold;
You anſwer, She is childleſs, rich, and old.
How can I ſerve a friend, that is not free?
Free be the man, who would my maſter be.

Ep. XXXVII.

XXXVII. *In Cæcilianum.*

QUIDQUID ponitur, hinc & indè verris:
Mammas ſuminis, imbricémque porci,
Communémque duobus attagenam,
Mullum dimidium, lupúmque totum,
Murænæque latus, femúrque pulli,
Stillantémque alicâ ſuâ palumbum.
Hæc cùm condita ſunt madente mappâ;
Traduntur puero domum ferenda.
Nos accumbimus otioſa turba.
Ullus ſi pudor eſt, repone cœnam:
Cras te, Cæciliane, non vocavi.

XLIII. *In Candidum.*

CANDIDE, κοινὰ φίλων hæc ſunt tua, Candide, πάντα,
Quæ tu magniloquus nocte diéque ſonas.
Te Lacedæmonio velat toga lota Galeſo,
Vel quam ſepoſito de grege Parma dedit.
At me quæ paſſa eſt furias & cornua tauri,
Noluerit dici quam pila prima ſuam.
Miſit Agenoreas Cadmi tibi terra lacernas:
Non vendes nummis coccina noſtra tribus.
Tu Libycos Indis ſuſpendis dentibus orbes:
Fulcitur teſtâ fagina menſa mihi.
Immodici tibi flava tegunt chryſendeta mulli:
Concolor in noſtrâ, cammare, lance rubes.
Grex tuus Iliaco poterat certare cinædo:
At mihi ſuccurrit pro Ganymede manus.

Ex

Ep. XXXVII.

You ſweep my table: ſauſages, and chine,
A capon on which two at leaſt may dine,
Smelts, ſalmon, ſturgeon, birds of every feather,
Dripping with ſauce, you wrap up all together;
And give it to your ſervant home to bear;
Leaving us nothing, but to ſit and ſtare.
For ſhame reſtore the dinner; eaſe our ſorrow:
I did not aſk you, ſir, to dine to-morrow.

Ep. XLIII.

STILL in your mouth, and at your fingers ends,
Theſe words;—' All things are common amongſt friends.'
Fine cloth, or Genoa velvet, is your coat:
A tatter'd ſcare-ſcrow mine, not worth a groat.
With tables of mahogany you're ſtored:
I have but one, and that a beechen board.
The ample ſalmon fills your golden diſh:
The crab my platter, colour'd like the fiſh.
Your ſervants ſpruce; each ſeems a Ganymede:
Me a dumb-waiter ſerves whene'er I feed.
For old acquaintance do you nothing care?
From ſo much riches can you nothing ſpare?

Ex opibus tantis veteri fidóque ſodali
  Das nihil, & dicis, Candide, κοινὰ φίλων?

XLIV. *In Sextum.*

Emi ſeu puerum, togámve pexam,
Seu tres, ut puto, quatuórve libras:
Sextus protinus ille fœnerator,
Quem nôſtis veterem meum ſodalem,
Ne quid fortè petam, timet, cavétque;
Et ſecum, ſed ut audiam, ſuſurrat;
Septem millia debeo Secundo;
Phœbo quatuor; undecim Phileto;
Et quadrans mihi nullus eſt in arcâ.
O grande ingenium mei ſodalis!
Durum eſt, Sexte, negare, cùm rogaris:
Quanto durius, antequam rogeris!

XLVIII. *Ad Rufum.*

Cauponem, laniúmque, balneúmque,
Tonſorem, tabulámque, calculóſque,
Et paucos, ſed ut eligam, libellos:
Unum non nimiùm rudem ſodalem,
Et caram puero meo puellam,
Et grandem puerum, diúque levem:
Hæc præſta mihi Rufe, vel Bitonti;
Et thermas tibi habe Neronianas.

Is your expreſſion a vain ſong, which ends
Where it begun?—All's common amongſt friends.

Ep. XLIV.

THE ſcrivener, who of late ſo rich is grown,
Whom we have long ſo intimately known,
Saw my coat laced, my boy in livery wait,
And on my ſide-board a ſmall piece of plate:
He thence concludes, I'm now extravagant;
And fearing I may his aſſiſtance want,
He mumbles to himſelf, that I may hear;
'My God! what will become of me this year!
'Seven thouſand pounds to Gripe, to Shylock four
'I owe; and to my broker as much more!
'And not one farthing by me! nor can get!
How great, old friend, is your Change-alley wit!
To aſk and be denied is hard, all know:
Before I aſk, is moſt extremely ſo.

Ep. XLVIII.

WINE, and good fare, and my own perſon nice,
Backgammon-tables, and a pair of dice,
Books very few, but thoſe all choſen right,
One only friend, and him not unpolite,
A man and maid, both honeſt, free from crime,
Both neat and handy, and in age's prime,
Grant me in any corner of the land:
Yours be the town; or yours the world's command.

LVIII. *In Zoilum.*

PEXATUS pulchre rides mea, Zoïle, trita,
Sunt hæc trita quidem, Zoïle; ſed mea ſunt.

LXIV. *In Taurum.*

DUM modò cauſidicum, dum te modò rhetora fingis,
Et non decernis, Taure, quid eſſe velis:
Peleos, & Priami tranſit, & Neſtoris ætas;
Et fuerat ſerum jam tibi deſinere.
Incipe: tres uno perierunt rhetores anno,
Si quid habes animi, ſi quid in arte vales.
Si ſchola damnatur; fora litibus omnia fervent:
Ipſe poteſt fieri Marſya cauſidicus.
Eia age, rumpe moras; quò te ſperabimus uſque?
Dum, quid ſis, dubitas, jam potes eſſe nihil.

LXV. *In Saletanum.*

CUR triſtiorem cernimus Saletanum?
An cauſa levis eſt? extuli, inquis, uxorem.
O grande fati crimen! ô gravem caſum!
Illa, illa dives mortua eſt Secundilla,
Centena decies quæ tibi dedit dotis?
Nollem accidiſſet hoc tibi, Saletane.

LXXI. *Ad Cæcilianum.*

CANDIDIUS nihil eſt te, Cæciliane, notavi,
Si quando ex noſtris diſticha pauca legis,
Protinus aut Marſi recitas, aut ſcripta Catulli.
Hæc mihi das, tanquam deteriora legas.

Ut

Ep. LVIII.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my thread-bare gown.
Thread-bare indeed it is:—but 'tis my own.

Ep. LXIV.

SOMETIMES a lawyer, ſometimes a divine,
You ſay you'll be; yet neither are in fine;
Before you fix your choice, you loſe an age;
Fit to retire, before you mount the ſtage.
Three biſhops are gone off within the year;
If you have any ſoul, you'll now appear.
Or elſe; there's ſo much buſineſs in the laws,
A poſt, if rob'd, could never want a cauſe.
Rouſe: in this world begin to preach or plead:
You'll make a ſorry dean or ſerjeant dead.

Ep. LXV.

WHY ſeem you dead to all the joys of life?
Have I not cauſe? you ſay:—I've loſt my wife.
Oh! curſed fate! and oh! misfortune dire!
That one ſo wealthy ſhould ſo ſoon expire!
Who left you twice five hundred annual rent!
——I'm ſorry you have had this accident.

Ep. LXXI.

NOTHING I ſee your candour can exceed,
My diſtichs whenſoe'er you pleaſe to read:
From Dryden or from Pope you cite a line,
To ſhew how much they both fall ſhort of mine,

Ut collata magìs placeant mea? credimus illud.
  Malo tamen recites, Cæciliane, tua.

LXXIV. *In Saufellum.*

CINCTUM togatis pòſt & antè Saufellum,
Quantâ reduci Regulus ſolet turbâ,
Ad alta tonſum templa cùm reum miſit,
Materne, cernis? invidere nolito.
Comitatus iſte ſit, precor, tuus nunquam.
Hos illi amicos & greges togatorum
Fuſciculenus præſtat, & Faventinus.

LXXVII. *In Coſconium.*

COSCONI, qui longa putas epigrammata noſtra,
  Utilis ungendis axibus eſſe potes.
Hâc tu credideris longum ratione coloſſum,
  Et puerum Bruti dixeris eſſe brevem.
Diſce, quod ignoras; Marſi doctíque Pedonis
  Sæpe duplex unum pagina tractat opus.
Non ſunt longa, quibus nihil eſt quod demere poſſis:
  Sed tu, Coſconi, diſticha longa facis.

LXXVIII. *Ad Cæcilianum.*

ÆSTIVO ſerves ubi piſcem tempore, quæris?
  In thermis ſerva, Cæciliane, tuis.

LXXX. *De*

Such foils, no doubt, make mine appear more taking.
Yet I ſhould chuſe ſome verſes of your making.

Ep. LXXIV.

What trains before, what trains behind him ride!
What crouds of friends ſupport him on each ſide!
Such multitudes did never with lord mayor
On ſolemn feſtival to Paul's repair:
You gazing cry, 'How times with him are mended!
May never friend of mine be thus attended!
Envy him not: the matter I'll explain;
You ſee his mortgage; and 'tis Trapland's train.

Ep. LXXVII.

My epigrams are long in your conceit:
Much fitter for a groom than judge of wit.
Long in your ſenſe the giants in Guildhall;
And ſhort the Britiſh king on Ludgate wall.
Learn; that the Iliad and the Æneid ſhines,
Though each contains ſo many thouſand lines.
Works are not long, from which you nought can take;
But long the very diſtichs, which you make.

Ep. LXXVIII.

What place to keep your ice in I approve,
You aſk:—Your kitchen chimney, or your ſtove.

LXXX. *De Fannio.*

Hostem cùm fugeret, ſe Fannius ipſe peremit.
Hic, rogo, non furor eſt, ne moriare, mori?

Ep. LXXX.

Himſelf he ſlew, when he the foe would fly;
What madneſs this, for fear of death to die.

N. B. The 53d, 68th, and 90th, by Cowley.

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

LIBER TERTIUS.

X. *In Philomuſum.*

CONSTITUIT, Philomuſe, pater tibi millia bina
Menſtrua, pérque omnes præſtitit illa dies.
Luxuriam premeret cùm craſtina ſemper egeſtas,
Et vitiis eſſent danda diurna tuis,
Idem te moriens hæredem ex aſſe reliquit;
Exhæredavit te, Philomuſe, pater.

XXXI. *Ad Rufinum.*

SUNT tibi, confiteor, diffuſi jugera campi,
Urbaníque tenent prædia multa Lares:
Et ſervit dominæ numeroſus debitor arcæ,
Suſtentátque tuas aurea menſa dapes.
Faſtidire tamen noli, Rufine, minores.
Plus habuit Didymus: plus Philomelus habet.

SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

Book the Third.

Epigram X.

YOUR father gave you a large monthly pay;
And this continued to his dying day:
Yet want ſtill followed cloſe your luxury;
And daily vices daily craved ſupply:
But now he all hath left you, and is dead;
By being heir you're diſinherited.

Ep. XXXI.

I own, in manors you have large command;
And rich in houſes are as well as land;
You have in mortgages a vaſt eſtate:
Your table elegant, and ſerv'd in plate:
Deſpiſe not your inferiors on this ſcore:
More once had Verres, Cheatall now hath more.

Ep. XXXVIII.

XXXVIII. *Ad Sextum.*

QUÆ te cauſa trahit, vel quæ fiducia Romam,
Sexte? quid aut ſperas, aut petis inde? refer.
Cauſas, inquis, agam Cicerone diſertiùs ipſo,
Atque erit in triplici par mihi nemo foro.
Egit Ateſtinus cauſas, & Caius; utrumque
Nôras: ſed neutri penſio tota fuit.
Si nihil hinc veniet; pangentur carmina nobis:
Audieris, dices eſſe Maronis opus.
Inſanis: omnes gelidis quicunque lacernis
Sunt ibi; Naſones, Virgilióſque vides.
Atria magna colam, vix treis, aut quatuor iſta
Res aluit: pallet cætera turba fame.
Quid faciam? ſuade. nam certum eſt vivere Romæ.
Si bonus es, caſu vivere, Sexte, potes.

XLIV. *Ad Ligurinum.*

OCCURRIT tibi nemo quòd libenter;
Quòd quacumque venis, fuga eſt, & ingens
Circa te, Ligurine, ſolitudo;
Quid ſit, ſcire cupis? nimis Poëta es:
Hoc valde vitium periculoſum eſt.
Non tigris catulis citata raptis,
Non dipſas medio peruſta Sole,
Nec ſic ſcorpius improbus timetur.
Nam tantos, rogo, quis ferat labores?
Et ſtanti legis, & legis ſedenti:
Currenti legis, & legis cacanti.
In thermas fugio; ſonas ad aurem:

Piſcinam

Ep. XXXVIII.

A. To town what cauſe, or rather what ill ſtar,
Hath brought my friend? ſay, what your proſpects are.
B. More eloquent than Murray I will be:
In the four Courts, not one ſhall rival me.
A. Some, whom we know, in hall their time have loſt:
Others have rid the circuit, and paid coſt.
B. If that won't do; verſes compoſe I will,
Equal to Maro's. *A.* That is wilder ſtill.
In window'd hoſe, and garments twice convey'd,
Our Ovids and our Virgils are array'd.
B. Then I'll attend the great. *A.* How few thrive by it?
The reſt all ſtarve upon ſo thin a diet.
B. Tell me then what to do: here live I muſt.
A. You're a good man; and in the Lord muſt truſt.

Ep. XLIV.

You come: away flies every mother's ſon:
On Bagſhot Heath you can't be more alone.
If you ask, why?—You are bewitch'd with rhime:
And this, believe me, is a dangerous crime.
Robb'd of her whelps a tigreſs thus we ſhun;
Or viper baſking in the noon-day ſun:
Not more the dreadful ſcorpion's ſting we fear,
Than this inceſſant lugging by the ear.
Standing or ſitting, you repeat your lays;
On my cloſe-ſtool I hear them; in my chaiſe:
Your trumpet on the water ſtrikes my ear.
I at Vaux-hall no other muſic hear.

3 When

Piſcinam peto; non licet natare.
Ad cœnam propero; tenes euntem;
Ad cœnam venio; fugas ſedentem.
Laſſus dormio; ſuſcitas jacentem.
Vis, quantum facias mali, videre?
Vir juſtus, probus, innocens timeris.

XLVI. *Ad Candidum.*

EXIGIS à nobis operam ſinè fine togatam.
  Non eo, libertum ſed tibi mitto meum.
Non eſt, inquis, idem: multo plus eſſe probabo:
  Vix ego lecticam ſubſequor; ille feret.
In turbam incideris; cunctos umbone repellet:
  Invalidum eſt nobis, ingenuúmque latus.
Quidlibet in cauſis narraveris, ipſe tacebo:
  At tibi tergeminum mugiet ille ſophos.
Lis erit; ingenti faciet convicia voce:
  Eſſe pudor vetuit fortia verba mihi.
Ergo nihil nobis, inquis, præſtabit amicus?
  Quidquid libertus, Candide, non poterit.

LX. *In Ponticum.*

CUM vocor ad cœnam, non jam venalis, ut anté:
  Cur mihi, non eadem, quæ tibi, cœna datur?
Oſtrea tu ſumis ſtagno ſaturata Lucrino:
  Sugitur inciſo mytilus ore mihi.

When dinner waits, you ſeiſe me by the button:
At table plac'd, you drive me from my mutton:
From a ſweet nap you rouſe me by your ſong.
How much by this yourſelf and me you wrong!
The man of worth the poet makes us fly;
And by your verſe we loſe your probity.

Ep. XLVI.

How often do you aſk me to go down,
To aid your intereſt in your borough town?
I would do all to ſerve you that I can:
Yet cannot go: but I will ſend my man.
You ſay, 'tis not the ſame: I'll prove it more.
I ſcarce can follow you; he'll go before.
Is there a mob? he'll elbow folks away;
I am infirm; not uſed to ſuch rough play.
I can't repeat the popular things you ſay,
He will extol them, more than once a day.
Is there a quarrel? he'll be very loud:
I am aſhamed to bully in a croud.
What! will my friend do nothing then? ſay you:
All, that a ſervant cannot do, I'll do.

Ep. LX.

Me, as a friend, to ſupper you invite:
Why have we then our ſupper different quite?
Colcheſter oyſters you, and muſcles I?
Yours perigord, and mine a mutton pye?

I have

Sunt tibi boleti; fungus ego ſumo ſuillos.
  Res tibi cum rhombo eſt; at mihi cum ſparulo.
Cereus immodicis turtur te clunibus implet;
  Ponitur in caveâ mortua pica mihi.
Cur ſinè te cœno, cùm tecum, Pontice, cœnem?
  Sportula quòd non eſt, proſit: edamus idem.

LXI. *In Cinnam.*

ESSE nihil dicis, quidquid petis, improbe Cinna:
  Si nil, Cinna, petis; nil tibi, Cinna, nego.

LXII. *In Quinctum.*

CENTENIS quòd emis pueros, & ſæpe ducenis:
  Quòd ſub rege Numâ condita vina bibis:
Quòd conſtat decies tibi non ſpatióſa ſupellex:
  Libra quòd argenti millia quinque rapit:
Aurea quòd fundi pretio carruca paratur:
  Quòd pluris mula eſt, quàm domus empta tibi:
Hæc animo credis magno te, Quincte, parare?
  Falleris. hæc animus, Quincte, puſillus emit.

LXIII. *In Cotilum.*

COTILE, bellus homo es: dicunt hoc, Cotile, multi.
  Audio: ſed quid ſit, dic mihi, bellus homo?
Bellus homo eſt, flexós qui digerit ordine crines:
  Balſama qui ſemper, cinnama ſemper olet:
Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana ſuſurrat:
  Qui movet in varios brachia volſa modos:

Inter

I have no rarities, you eat them up;
Strange! I ſhould with you and without you ſup!
Came I to ſee the king at table hither?
If we muſt eat, pray let us eat together.

Ep. LXI.

'Tis a mere nothing, that you aſk, you cry:
If you aſk nothing, nothing I deny.

Ep. LXII.

Upon rich liveries no expence you ſpare:
Your rheniſh older than the firſt French war:
Your little cabinet coſt hundreds three:
And full as much your little carv'd ſettee:
Your gilded coach a moderate eſtate:
More than a houſe your pad is valued at.
Think you, you ſhew a ſoul by this expence?
A little one it is, and void of ſenſe.

Ep. LXIII.

You're a fine man; as all the world agree:
Tell me, what 'tis; for 'tis unknown to me.
A fine man's one, who curls and powders well:
One, who of eſſence and perfume doth ſmell:
Can hum an opera air, or briſk or grave:
And his white hand in every geſture wave:

Sitting

Inter fœmineas totâ qui luce cathedras
  Deſidet, atque aliquâ ſemper in aure ſonat:
Qui legit hinc illinc miſſas, ſcribítque tabellas:
  Pallia vicini qui refugit cubiti:
Qui ſcit, quam quis amet, qui per convivia currit:
  Hirpini veteres qui bene novit avos.
Quid narras? hoc eſt, hoc eſt homo, Cotile, bellus?
  Res pertricoſa eſt, Cotile, bellus homo.

LXVI. *In M. Antonium.*

PAR ſcelus admiſit Phariis Antonius armis;
  Abſcidit vultus enſis uterque ſacros.
Illud, laurigeros ageres cùm læta triumphos:
  Hoc tibi, Roma, caput, cùm loquereris, erat.
Antonî tamen eſt pejor, quàm cauſa Photini:
  Hic facinus domino præſtitit; ille ſibi.

Sitting the live-long day among the fair;
And ever tatling ſomewhat in their ear:
Still writing, reading, ſending billetdoux:
And fears you'll touch his ſtockings with your ſhoes:
Knows who loves who: to every viſit runs:
Talks of a lord, or horſe, their ſires and ſons.
Of a fine man is this th' account you bring?
A fine man is a very trifling thing.

Ep. LXVI.

ALIKE great Pompey, and ſage Tully bled:
Sever'd alike each venerable head:
Rome on that head her laurel'd triumphs ſaw;
Heard her free voice from this inforce her law.
You, Antony, Photinus have outdone;
His was his maſter's crime; but yours your own.

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

Liber Quartus.

XVIII. *De puero ſtillicidio jugulato.*

QUA vicina pluit Vipſanis porta columnis,
Et madet aſſiduo lubricus imbre lapis;
In jugulum pueri, qui roſcida tecta ſubibat,
Decidit hyberno prægravis unda gelu:
Cúmque peregiſſet miſeri crudelia fata,
Tabuit in calido vulnere mucro tener.
Quid non ſæva ſibi voluit Fortuna licere?
Aut ubi mors non eſt, ſi jugulatis, aquæ?

XXI. *De Selio.*

Nullos eſſe Deos, inane cœlum
Affirmat Selius, probátque; quod ſe
Factum, dum negat hoc, videt beatum.

XXXII. *De*

SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

BOOK the FOURTH.

Epigram XVIII.

'TWAS from a ſpout, which pours into the ſtreet,
And makes the pavement ſlippery to the feet,
An icicle depending grew, until
By its own weight the ponderous ruin fell:
Struck on the neck a boy upon the ground;
Wounded to death; then melted in the wound.
From cruel fortune can we more endure?
If waters ſtab, where can we be ſecure?

Ep. XXI.

SELIUS aſſerts, there is no providence:
And what he thus aſſerts, he proves from hence;
That ſuch a villain as himſelf ſtill lives;
And, what is more, is courted too, and thrives.

XXXII. *De ape electro incluſâ.*

Et latet, & lucet Phaëthontide condita guttâ,
 Ut videatur apis nectare clauſa ſuo.
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum:
 Crèdibile eſt ipſam ſic voluiſſe mori.

XXXVII. *Ad Afrum.*

CENTUM Coranus, & ducenta Mancinus,
Trecenta debet Titius, hoc bis Albinus,
Decies Sabinus, alterúmque Serranus:
Ex inſulis, fundiſque tricies ſoldum,
Ex pecore redeunt ter ducena Parmenſi,
Totis diebus, Afer, hoc mihi narras:
Et teneo meliùs iſta, quàm meum nomen.
Numeres oportet aliquid, ut pati poſſim:
Quotidianam refice nauſeam nummis.
Audire gratìs, Afer, iſta non poſſum.

XXXIX. *Ad Charinum.*

ARGENTI genus omne comparâſti;
Et ſolus veteres Myronis artes,
Solus Praxitelis manus, Scopæque,
Solus Phidiaci toreuma cœli,
Solus Mentoreos habes labores.
Nec deſunt tibi vera Gratiana,
Nec quæ Callaico linuntur auro,
Nec menſis anaglypta de paternis.
Argentum tamen inter omne, miror,
Quare non habeas, Charine, purum.

XLIV. *In*

Ep. XXXII.

The bee incloſ'd, and through the amber ſhewn,
Seems buried in the juice, which was his own.
So honour'd was a life in labour ſpent:
Such might he wiſh to have his monument.

Ep. XXXVII.

Ten thouſand pounds in bank, and South-Sea funds;
Twenty in India ſtock, and India bonds
Five thouſand more have you in three per cents:
A thouſand are your Kent and Eſſex rents;
Thoſe from Barbadoes are of late the ſame.
All this I know, as well as my own name.
The daily tale is grown extremely dull:
I cannot hear it gratis on my ſoul.
For every time give me a guinea ſtill;
Repeat it then as often as you will.

Ep. XXXIX.

Wrought, grav'd, emboſt, of old and modern date,
In the beſt taſte, how great your ſtock of plate!
Here Phidias, there Praxiteles doth ſtand:
Here the ſole piece, that's left, of Mentor's hand.
This ciſtern did a Jerningham invent:
That bowl and cup were both deſign'd by Kent.
'Mongſt all the things, where art and fancy join,
I wonder you no ſilver have in coin.

XLIV. *De Veſuvio monte.*

Hic eſt pampineis viridis modò Veſvius umbris:
Preſſerat hîc madidos nobilis uva lacus.
Hæc juga, quàm Nyſæ colles, plùs Bacchus amavit:
Hôc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
Hæc Veneris ſedes Lacedæmone gratior illi:
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
Cuncta jacent flammis, & triſti merſa favillâ:
Nec Superi vellent hoc licuiſſe ſibi.

LIV. *Ad Collinum.*

O cui Tarpeias licuit contingere quercus,
Et meritas primâ cingere fronde comas:
Si ſapis, utaris totis, Colline, diebus,
Extremúmque tibi ſemper adeſſe putes.
Lanificas nulli tres exorare puellas
Contigit: obſervant, quem ſtatuere, diem.
Divitior Criſpo, Thraſeâ conſtantior ipſo,
Lautior & nitido ſis Meliore licèt:
Nil adicit penſo Lacheſis, fuſóſque ſororum
Explicat, & ſemper de tribus una ſecat.

LVI. *In Gargilianum.*

Munera quòd ſenibus, viduíſque ingentia mittis;
Vis te munificum, Gargiliane, vocem?
Sordidius nihil eſt, nihil eſt te ſpurcius uno,
Qui potes inſidias dona vocare tuas.
Sic avidis fallax indulget piſcibus hamus;
Callida ſic ſtultas decipit eſca feras.

G Quid

Ep. XLIV.

Vesuvius this! ſo lately crown'd with vines!
Whence in full currents flowed the generous wines!
By Bacchus more than Nyſa's hills belov'd!
Upon whoſe top in dance the ſatyrs mov'd!
The ſeat of Venus, more than Sparta dear!
Proud of her name Heraclea once was here!
All drown'd in flames! with aſhes cover'd o'er!
The gods, who caus'd the ill, their power deplore.

Ep. LIV.

You, whom your country's honours high do raiſe,
And crown with merited, but early praiſe;
If you are wiſe, make uſe of every hour;
And never think another in your power.
No man could ever ſoften cruel fate;
But what, that once decrees, muſt be our date.
Were you polite as Sidney, or as great,
Had Cato's ſoul, or Marlborough's eſtate;
Still is life's line by the three ſiſter's ſped:
Not one prolongs, but one ſtill cuts, the thread.

Ep. LVI.

Rich preſents, to old men and widows ſent,
You hope, may prove you are munificent.
What can your ſordid baſeneſs more declare,
When for a preſent then you ſend a ſnare?
Such preſents makes the angler to the trout;
Such preſents in a mouſe-trap are ſet out.

Quid ſit largiri, quod ſit donare; docebo,
  Si neſcis: dona, Gargiliane, mihi.

LXVI. *Ad Linum.*

Egisti vitam ſemper, Line, municipalem:
  Quâ nihil omnino vilius eſſe poteſt.
Idibus, & raris togula eſt excuſſa Kalendis:
  Duxit & æſtates ſynthesis una decem.
Saltus aprum, campus leporem tibi miſit inemptum,
  Sylva gravis turdos exagitata dedit.
Raptus flumineo venit de gurgite piſcis:
  Vina rubens fudit non peregrina cadus.
Nec tener Argolicâ miſſus de gente miniſter,
  Sed ſtetit inculti ruſtica turba foci.
Villica vel duri compreſſa eſt nupta coloni:
  Incaluit quoties ſaucia vena mero.
Nec nocuit tectis ignis; nec Sirius agris:
  Nec merſa eſt pelago, nec fluit ulla ratis.
Suppoſita eſt blando numquam tibi teſſera talo:
  Alea ſed parcæ ſola fuere nuces.
Dic ubi ſit decies, mater quod avara reliquit;
  Nuſquam eſt, feciſti rem, Line, difficilem.

LXIX. *Ad Pamphilum.*

Tu Setina quidem ſemper, vel Maſſica ponis,
  Pamphile: ſed rumor tam bona vina negat,
Diceris hâc factus cœlebs quater eſſe lagenâ.
  Nec puto, nec credo, Pamphile, nec ſitio.

LXX. *De*

If you would learn what's generous and free;
A real preſent is one ſent to me.

Ep. LXVI.

Your life has ever in the country been;
And in a way, that nothing was ſo mean.
Scarce at a wedding a new bob did wear:
Your coat an old acquaintance of ten year.
From your eſtate your pork and veniſon came:
Your ponds ſupplied your fiſh, your woods your game.
And not a glaſs of wine throughout the year;
Your cellar ſtock'd with only your own beer.
No French valet appear'd in ſpruce attire:
Only John trots about your kitchen fire.
You ne'er had drunken frolick in your life,
That ever aimed above a farmer's wife.
No loſs by fire, or by tempeſtuous ſkies,
Of ſhips, inſurance, freight, or merchandiſe.
You never played or ventured deep at White's:
The moſt was ſhilling whiſt on winter nights.
How is your mother's vaſt eſtate run out?
You've brought a moſt ſurpriſing thing about!

Ep. LXIX.

With the beſt wines of France you entertain:
Yet that your wine is bad the world complain:
That you have loſt four wives by it; but I
Neither believe it, Sir,——nor am adry.

LXX. *De Ammiano ad Maronillum.*

NIHIL Ammiano, præter aridam reſtem,
Moriens reliquit ultimis pater ceris.
Fieri putaret poſſe quis, Maronille,
Ut Ammianus mortuum patrem nollet?

LXXII. *Ad Quinctum.*

EXIGIS, ut donem noſtros tibi, Quincte, libellos.
Non habeo, ſed habet bibliopola Tryphon.
Æs dabo pro nugis, & emam tua carmina ſanus?
Non, inquis, faciam tam fatuè: nec ego.

LXXIII. *De Veſtino.*

CUM gravis extremas Veſtinus duceret horas,
Et jam per Stygias eſſet iturus aquas,
Ultima volventes orabat penſa ſorores,
Ut traherent parvâ ſtamina pullæ morâ.
Jam ſibi defunctus, caris dùm vivit amicis:
Moverunt tetricas tam pia vota Deas.
Tum largas partitus opes, à luce receſſit:
Séque mori poſt hoc credidit ille ſenem.

LXXV. *De Nigrina.*

O ſelix animo, ſelix Nigrina, marito,
Atque inter Latias gloria prima nurus.
Te patrios miſcere juvat cum conjuge cenſus,
Gaudentem ſocio, participique viro.

Ep. LXXI.

Jack's father's dead; and left him without hope;
For he hath nothing left him, but a rope.
By a ſtrange turn did fortune thus contrive,
To make Jack wiſh, his father were alive.

Ep. LXXII.

You aſk me for my books of poems ſtill:
I have not one; but Dodſley's ſhop they fill.
What! ſpend my money! and ſuch trifles buy!
I am not ſuch a fool, ſay you:——nor I.

Ep. LXXIII.

When on Time's precipice Alworthy ſtood,
Ready to launch into th' eternal flood,
The cruel Fates addreſſing thus he ſaid,
' Ye goddeſſes one moment ſpare my thread:
' Loſt though I am, let friends my bounty prove.
His pious prayers the rigid ſiſters move.
He his vaſt wealth divides; then quits the ſtage;
And in that moment liv'd a Neſtor's age.

Ep. LXXV.

Bleſt in thy ſpirit, in thy huſband bleſt,
O thou of wives moſt honour'd, and the beſt;
Who your whole fortune to your conſort ſpare;
And know no joy, in which he bears no ſhare?

Arſerit Evadne flammis injecta mariti,
  Nec minor Alceſtim fama ſub aſtra ferat.
Tu meliùs: certo meruiſti pignore vitæ,
  Ut tibi non eſſet morte probandus amor.

LXXVII. *In Zoïlum invidum.*

Numquam divitias Deos rogavi,
Contentus modicis, meóque lætus.
Paupertas, veniam dabis, recede.
Cauſa eſt quæ ſubiti, novíque voti?
Pendentem volo Zoïlum videre.

LXXIX. *In Afrum.*

Condita cùm tibi ſit jam ſexageſima meſſis,
  Et facies multo ſplendeat alba pilo;
Diſcurris totâ vagus urbe; nec ulla cathedra eſt,
  Cui non manè feras irriquietus, ave.
Et ſinè te nulli fas eſt prodire tribuno,
  Nec caret officio conſul uterque tuo;
Et ſacro decies repetis Pallatia clivo,
  Sigerióſque meros, Partheniόſque ſonas.
Hæc faciant ſanè juvenes: deformius, Afer,
  Omnino nihil eſt ardelione ſene.

LXXX. *Ad Mathonem.*

Hospes eras noſtri ſemper, Matho, Tiburtini.
Hoc emis. impoſui: rus tibi vendo tuum.

LXXXIV. *In*

Evadne died in her lord's funeral flame;
Nor leſs immortal is Alceſtis' name;
Yet leſs did they, when they reſign'd their breath:
Late is the proof of love, when after death.

Ep. LXXVII.

I NEVER did the gods importune,
To grant to me a monſtrous fortune;
Contented with my little ſtore:
But now I own I wiſh for more.
Whence comes this ſudden love of pelf?
——That Zoilus may hang himſelf.

Ep. LXXIX.

THRICE twenty years you've ſeen your graſs made hay:
Your eyebrows too proclaim your hair is grey:
Yet through all quarters of the town you run;
At every ball, and levee, you make one.
No great man ſtirs, but you are at his heels;
And never fail both them, who have the ſeals.
You never miſs St. James's; ever chat
Of lord or biſhop this, or general that.
To youth leave trifles: have you not been told,
'That of all fools no fool is like the old?

Ep. LXXX.

You ſtill were welcome at my country ſeat.
You buy it. It was yours before.—You're bit.

LXXXIV. *In Nævolum.*

SECURO nihil eſt te, Nævole, pejus: eodem
  Sollicito nihil eſt, Nævole, te melius.
Securus, nullam reſalutas, deſpicis omnes;
  Nec quiſquam liber, nec tibi gratus homo eſt.
Sollicitus, donas: dominum regemque ſalutas:
  Invitas. eſſe, Nævole, ſollicitus.

Ep. LXXXIV.

Nothing more inſolent than you in place:
And nothing more obliging in diſgrace.
In place, you bow to none; ſcorn every ſoul;
'This fellow is a ſcrub; and that is dull.
'Tis, Dine with me,' 'Your ſervant, in diſgrace;
—Is it then proper, you ſhould have a place?

N. B. The 5th by Cowley.

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

Liber Quintus.

XIII. *In Calliſtratum.*

SUM, fateor, ſempérque fui, Calliſtrate, pauper,
Sed non obſcurus, nec malè notus eques.
Sed toto legor orbe frequens, & dicitur, hic eſt:
Quódque cinis paucis, hoc mihi vita dedit.
At tua centenis incumbant tecta columnis,
Et libertinas arca flagellat opes:
Magnáque Niliacæ ſervit tibi gleba Syenes;
Tondet & innumeros Gallica Parma greges.
Hoc ego, túque ſumus; ſed quod ſum, non potes eſſe:
Tu quod es, è populo quilibet eſſe poteſt.

XXIX. *Ad Aulum, de Mamerco.*

Ut bene loquatur, ſentiátque Mamercus,
Efficere nullis, Aule, moribus poſſis:

Pietate

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK the FIFTH.

Epigram XIII.

I AM, I own, and ever have been poor,
But yet a gentleman, and not obſcure.
Spread through the world my writings, and my name:
Few in the grave have reached my living fame.
You have a houſe on a vaſt colonnade:
More wealth, than merchant ever gained in trade:
Your farms in Eveſham vale rich harveſts crown:
Many your flocks which feed on Banſted down.
Such you and I: like me you cannot be:
Fortune may make a cobler like to thee.

Ep. XXIX.

To the beſt character he can't afford
One favourable thought, or civil word.

Could

Pietate fratres Curtios licèt vincas,
Quiete Nervas, comitate Ruſones,
Probitate Macros, æquitate Mauricos,
Oratione Regulos, jocis Paullos;
Rubiginoſis cuncta dentibus rodis.
Hominem malignum forſan eſſe tu credas;
Ego eſſe miſerum credo, cui placet nemo.

XLIII. *Amicis quod datur, non perire.*

CALLIDUS effractâ nummos fur auferet arcâ;
Proſter et patrios impia flamma Lares.
Debitor uſuram pariter, ſortémque negabit;
Non reddit ſterilis ſemina jacta ſeges.
Diſpenſatorem fallax ſpoliabit amica:
Mercibus extructas obruet unda rates.
Extra fortunam eſt, quidquid donatur amicis:
Quas dederis, ſolas ſemper habebis opes.

XLIV. *De Thaïde & Lecaniâ.*

THAIS habet nigros, niveos Lecania, dentes.
Quæ ratio eſt? emptos hæc habet, illa ſuos.

XLVIII. *De Philone.*

NUMQUAM ſe cœnaſſe domi Philo jurat; & hoc eſt;
Non cœnat, quoties nemo vocavit eum.

Could you a man, pious as Cranmer, find,
Humble as Tillotſon, as Hough reſign'd,
Benevolent as Berkley, were there one,
Upright as Holt, polite as Addiſon;
Could one in eloquence with Somers vye;
Had Dorſet's wit, or Pelham's probity;
Or could to one all theſe endowments fall;
Still would he ſnarl; traduce and cenſure all.
Seems he to you ſatyrical at worſt?
I think, that man, whom none can pleaſe, is curs'd.

Ep. XLIII.

THIEVES may break locks, and with your caſh retire;
Your ancient ſeat may be conſumed by fire;
Debtors refuſe to pay you what they owe;
Or your ungrateful field the ſeed you ſow;
You may be plundered by a jilting whore:
Your ſhips may ſink at ſea with all their ſtore:
Who gives to friends, ſo much from Fate ſecures;
That is the only wealth for ever yours.

Ep. XLIV.

NELL's teeth are white; but Betty's teeth are brown;
Hemmet's Nell's are: but Betty's are her own.

Ep. XLVIII.

Ned ſwears he never ſups at home: then Ned,
Not ſupping out, goes ſupperleſs to bed.

LIII. *In Poſtumum.*

Quæ mihi præſtiteris, memini, ſempérque tenebo:
Cur igitur taceo? Poſtume, tu loquéris.
Incipio quoties alicui tua dona referre,
Protinus exclamat; dixerat ipſe mihi.
Non bellè quædam faciunt duo: ſufficit unus
Huic operi: ſi vis, ut loquar, ipſe tace.
Crede mihi; quamvis ingentia, Poſtume, dona
Auctoris pereunt garrulitate ſui.

LVII. *Ad Lupum.*

Cui tradas, Lupe, filium magiſtro
Quæris ſollicitus diu, rogáſque.
Omnes grammaticóſque rhetoráſque
Devites, moneo; nihil ſit illi
Cum libris Ciceronis, aut Maronis.
Famæ Tutilium ſuæ relinquat.
Si verſus facit, abdices Poëtam.
Artes diſcere vult pecunioſas?
Fac, diſcat, citharœdus, aut choraulés.
Si duri puer ingenî videtur,
Præconem facias, vel architectum.

LXI. *Ad detractorem.*

Allatres licèt uſque nos & uſque,
Et gannitibus improbis laceſſas:
Certum eſt hanc tibi pernegare famam,
Olim quam petis in meis libellis,

Qualiſ-

Ep. LIII.

YOUR favours to me I remember well;
But do not mention them; becauſe you tell.
Whenever I begin, I'm anſwer'd ſtrait,
' I heard from his own mouth, what you relate.
Two ill become the buſineſs but of one;
Be you but ſilent, I will ſpeak alone.
Great are your gifts; but when proclaim'd around,
The obligation dies upon the ſound.

Ep. LVII.

You on one great concern your thoughts employ;
Still aſking how to educate your boy.
Firſt, carefully avoid, if you are wiſe,
All greek and latin maſters, I adviſe.
Let him both Cicero and Virgil ſhun;
Unleſs you wiſh him to be quite undone.
Then, of a lad you never can have hope,
Who verſes makes, or reads a line in Pope.
If he in gainful buſineſs would engage,
Teach him to ſing or play upon the ſtage.
Or if he is too dull to be a player;
Teach him to job, and he may die a mayor.

Ep. LXI.

SNARL on: you never ſhall your purpoſe gain:
What long you ſeek, you ſtill ſhall ſeek in vain:
Who aim at any, rather than no fame:
I will not, to abuſe you, uſe your name.

Qualiſcumque legaris ut per orbem.
Nam te cur aliquis ſciat fuiſſe?
Ignotus pereas, miſer, neceſſe eſt.
Non deerunt tamen hâc in urbe forſan,
Unus, vel duo, tréſve, quatuórve,
Pellem rodere qui velint caninam.
Nos hâc à ſcabie tenemus ungues.

LXII. *In Marianum.*

CRISPULUS iſte quis eſt, uxori ſemper adhæret
Qui, Mariane, tuæ? Criſpulus iſte quis eſt?
Neſcio quid dominæ teneram qui garrit in aurem,
Et ſellam cubito dexteriore premit?
Per cujus digitos currit levis annulus omnes,
Crura gerit nullo qui violata pilo?
Nil mihi reſpondes? uxoris res agit, inquis,
Iſte meæ: ſanè certus, & aſper homo eſt;
Procuratorem vultu qui præferat ipſo;
Acrior hôc Chius non erat Aufidius.
O quàm dignus eras alapis, Mariane, Latini:
Te ſucceſſurum credo ego Panniculo.
Rex uxoris agit? res ullas Criſpulus iſte?
Res non uxoris, res agit iſte tuas.

LXIV. *Ad Ponticum.*

QUID ſentis, inquis, de noſtris, Marce, libellis?
Sic me ſollicitus, Pontice, ſæpe rogas.
dmiror; ſtupeo: nihil eſt perfectius illis.
Ipſe tuo cedet Regulus ingenio.

Hoc

It never in my writings ſhall be ſeen,
Or the world know, that ſuch a wretch hath been.
Try to make others angry, when you bellow,
I ſcorn to meddle with a dirty fellow.

Ep. LXII.

Who is that beau? pray tell me, for you know
Still near your wife? pray tell me, who's that beau?
Still pouring nonſenſe in her glowing ears
With his right elbow leaning on her chair;
Who on his hand the ſparkling brilliant wears;
His hand almoſt as ſoft and white as hers?
That man is, though he now ſo gay appears,
A lawyer, who tranſacts my wife's affairs.
A lawyer that! I vow, you make me ſtare!
Surely lord Foppington's turn'd practiſer!
A lawyer that! you are a precious 'ſquire,
Fit for a Gomez in the Spaniſh Fryar!
Your wife's affairs! believe me, one ſo fine
Tranſacts not her affairs, ſo much as thine.

Ep. LXIV.

Often you aſk, ſollicitous as Bayes,
That I would caſt my eye upon your lays.
I'm charm'd: aſtoniſh'd: nothing is ſo fine:
'Tis Shakeſpear's ſpirit breathes in every line.

Think

Hoc ſentis ? inquis ; faciat tibi ſic bene Cæſar,
Sic Capitolinus Jupiter: imò tibi.

LXVII. *In Pontilianum.*

Sæpe ſalutatus, numquam prior ipſe ſalutas:
Sic erit æternum, Pontiliane, vale.

LXXV. *De Pompeio & filiis.*

Pompeios juvenes Aſia, atque Europa, ſed ipſum
Terra tegit Libyes: ſi tamen ulla tegit.
Quid mirum, toto ſi ſpargitur orbe ? jacere
Uno non poterat tanta ruina loco.

LXXVII. *Ad Cinnam.*

Profecit poto Mithridates ſæpe veneno,
Toxica ne poſſent ſæva nocere ſibi.
Tu quoque caviſti cœnando tam malè ſemper,
Ne poſſes unquam, Cinna, perire fame.

Think you ſo? ſay you; bleſs you for a true
Critic, as well as friend.—And God bleſs you.

Ep. LXVII.

I OFTEN bow; your hat you never ſtir:
So, once for all, your humble ſervant, Sir.

Ep. LXXV.

POMPEY'S dead ſons Europe and Aſia have:
Lybia, if any, was the father's grave.
The mighty ruin ſpread the world's wide face,
Too great to lie in any ſingle place.

Ep. LXXVII.

THE king of Pontus, drinking poiſon ſtill,
Attain'd the art to guard againſt the ill:
So you a like precaution do obſerve,
By dining always ill, to never ſtarve.

N. B. The 20th and 58th by Cowley.

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

LIBER SEXTUS.

VIII. *Ad Severum.*

PRÆTORES duo, quatuor tribuni,
Septem cauſidici, decem Poëtæ,
Cujuſdam modò nuptias petebant
A quodam ſene. non moratus ille
Præconi dedit Eulogo puellam.
Dignum quid fatuo, Severe, fecit?

XI. *In Marcum.*

Quòd non ſit Pylades hôc tempore, non ſit Oreſtes,
Miraris? Pylades, Marce, bibebat idem,
Nec melior panis, turdúſve dabatur Oreſti:
Sed par, atque eadem cœna duobus erat.

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

Book the Sixth.

Epigram VIII.

WELSH judges two, four military men,
Seven noiſy lawyers, Oxford ſcholars ten,
Were of an old man's daughter in purſuit.
Soon the curmudgeon ended the diſpute,
By giving her unto a thriving grocer.
What think you ? did he play the fool, or no, Sir ?

Ep. XI.

WHERE is there now a Pylades ? you cry ;
Act you Oreſtes' part, and he am I.
Their cup was common, and it is aver'd,
They never ſupp'd, but each man had his bird.

Tu Lucrina voras: me paſcit aquoſa Peloris:
Non minùs ingenua eſt & mihi, Marce, gula.
Te Cadmea Tyros, me pinguis Gallia veſtit:
Vis te purpureum, Marce, ſagatus amem?
Ut præſtem Pyladem, aliquis mihi præſtet Oreſtem.
Hoc non fit verbis, Marce: ut ameris, ama.

XVIII. *Epitaphium Salonini, ad Priſcum.*

SANCTA Salonini terris requieſcit Iberis,
Quâ melior Stygias non videt umbra domos.
Sed lugere nefas; nam qui te, Priſce, reliquit,
Vivit, quâ voluit vivere parte magis.

XIX. *In Poſthumum cauſidicum.*

NON de vi, neque cæde, nec veneno,
Sed lis eſt mihi de tribus capellis,
Vicini queror has abeſſe furto.
Hoc judex ſibi poſtulat probari.
Tu Cannas, Mithridaticúmque bellum,
Et perjuria Punici furoris,
Et Syllas, Marióſque, Mutióſque
Magnâ voce ſonas, manûque totâ.
Jam dic, Poſtume, de tribus capellis.

XX. *In Phœbum.*

MUTUA te centum ſeſtertia, Phœbe, rogavi:
Cùm mihi dixiſſes, éxigis ergo nihil?

Inquiris,

You feaſt on turbet, whilſt I eat poor-jack:
I like, as well as you, a glaſs of ſack.
Can I love you, in uncut velvet neat,
In an old coat, that comes from Monmouth-ſtreet?
Be you a friend, if you a friend would prove:
Fine words are vain; love is the price of love.

Ep. XVIII.

Our friend, who lately captive died in Spain,
Went to the other world without a ſtain.
To grieve is wrong; for leaving you alive,
He in his dearer part doth ſtill ſurvive.

Ep. XIX.

My cauſe concerns nor battery, nor treaſon:
I ſue my neighbour for this only reaſon,
That late three ſheep of mine to pound he drove:
This is the point, the court would have you prove.
Concerning Magna Charta you run on;
And all the perjuries of old king John:
Then of the Edwards, and Black Prince, you rant:
And talk of John o' Stiles, and John o' Gaunt:
With voice and hand a mighty pother keep.
—Now, pray dear Sir, one word about the ſheep,

Ep. XX.

You bid me take the freedom of a friend:
I beg you but a hundred pound to lend;

You

Inquiris, dubitas, cunctaris, méque diebus
  Téque decem crucias: jam rogo, Phœbe, nega.

XXV. *Ad Marcellinum.*

Marcelline boni ſoboles ſincera parentis,
  Horrida Parrhaſio quem tegit urſa jugo:
Ille vetus pro te patriúſque quod optat amicus,
  Accipe, & hæc memori pectore vota tene:
Caſta ſit ut virtus, nec te temerarius ardor
  In medios enſes, ſæváque tela ferat.
Bella veliat, Martémque ferum rationis egentes:
  Tu potes & patriæ miles, & eſſe decus.

XXVII. *Ad Nepotem.*

Bis vicine nepos (nam tu quoque proxima Floræ
  Incolis, & veteres tu quoque Ficelias)
Eſt tibi, quæ patrii ſignatur imagine vultûs,
  Teſtis maternæ nata pudicitiæ.
Tu tamen annoſo nimiùm ne parce Falerno:
  Et potiùs plenos ære relinque cados.
Sit pia, ſit locuples, ſed potet filia muſtum;
  Amphora cum dominâ nunc nova fiat anus.
Cæcuba non ſolos vindemia nutriat orbos:
  Poſſunt & patres vivere, crede mihi.

XXVIII. XXIX. *Epitaphium Glauciæ.*

Libertus Melioris ille notus,
Totâ qui cecidit dolente Româ,

Cari

You ſhuffle, ſhift, delay, and we both loſe
A fortnight's ſleep:——I beg you to refuſe.

Ep. XXV.

Thou true deſcendant of a worthy ſire,
Whom in the field the Ruſſian troops admire;
Take the advice, your friend at home thinks beſt;
And keep it like the military cheſt.
Let not your eager valour make you run
On a pike's point, or mouth of a great gun.
Thick ſculls are beſt againſt a ſabre: you
May guard your country; and may grace it too.

Ep. XXVII.

Let me exhort you, who my neighbour are,
As well in Yorkſhire, as in Groſvenor-ſquare;
And have a girl, your picture to the life,
Whoſe likeneſs is an honour to your wife;
Broach your beſt Burgundy, and never ſpare it;
Leave her a caſk of guineas, not of claret:
Or ſhould ſhe, rich and virtuous, take a cup,
Let it be wine of her own nurſing up:
I never can agree in any ſort,
That batchelors drink claret, and you port.

Ep. XXVIII. XXIX.

Less by his birth than by his merit known,
A favourite lamented by the town,

Cari deliciæ breves patroni,
Hôc ſub marmore Glauciæ humatus
Junſto Flaminiæ jacet ſepulchro:
Caſtus moribus, innocens pudore,
Velox ingenio, decore felix.
Bis ſenis modò meſſibus peractis
Vix unum puer applicabat annum.
Qui fles talia, nil fleas viator.
Immodicis brevis eſt ætas, & rara ſenectus.
Quidquid ames, cupias non placuiſſe nimis.

XXXII. *De morte Othonis.*

Cum dubitaret adhuc belli civilis Enyo,
Forſitan & poſſet vincere mollis Otho:
Damnavit multo ſtaturam ſanguine Martem,
Et fodit certâ pectora nuda manu.
Sit Cato, dum vivit, ſanè vel Cæſare major:
Dum moritur, numquid major Othone fuit?

XXXIX. *In Cinnam.*

Pater ex Marullâ, Cinna, factus es ſeptem,
Non liberorum: namque nec tuus quiſquam,
Nec eſt amici, filiúſve vicini:
Sed in grabatis tegetibúſque concepti
Materno produnt capitibus ſuis furta.
Hic qui retorto crine Maurus incedit,
Sobolem fatetur eſſe ſe coci Santræ.
At ille ſimâ nare, turgidis labris,

Ipſa

Of friends the exquiſite but ſhort-liv'd joy,
Amongſt the great interr'd, here lies a boy:
A chaſte behaviour, and a modeſt grace;
An early judgment; and a cherub's face.
But ſoon, alas too ſoon! his race was run!
Scarce had he ſeen a thirteenth ſummer's ſun!
Ne'er may he grieve again, who drops a tear!
Worth is ſhort-lived; then nothing hold too dear.

Ep. XXXII.

Whilst doubtful was the chance of civil war,
And victory for Otho might declare;
That no more Roman blood for him might flow,
He gave his breaſt the great deciſive blow.
Cæſar's ſuperior you may Cato call:
Was he ſo great an Otho in his fall?

Ep. XXXIX.

'Tis a ſtrange thing, but 'tis a thing well known,
You ſeven children have, and yet have none:
No genuine offspring, but a mongrel rabble,
Sprung from the garret, hovel, barn, and ſtable.
They every one proclaim their mother's ſhame:
Look in their face, you read their father's name.
This ſwarthy, flat-nos'd, Shock is Africk's boaſt;
His grandſire dwells upon the golden coaſt.

Ipſa eſt imago Pannici palæſtritæ.
Piſtoris eſſe tertium, quis ignorat,
Quicunque lippum novit & videt Damam?
Quartus cinædâ fronte, candido vultu,
Ex concubino natus eſt tibi Lygdo:
Præcide, ſi vis, filium, nefas non eſt.
Hunc verò acuto capite, & auribus longis,
Quæ ſic moventur, ut ſolent aſellorum,
Quis morionis filium neget Cyrrhæ?
Duæ ſorores; illa nigra, & hæc rufa,
Croti choraulæ, villicíque ſunt Carpi.
Jámque hybridarum grex tibi foret plenus,
Si ſpado Coreſus, Dindymúſque non eſſet.

XLIII. *Ad Caſtricam.*

DUM tibi felices indulgent, Caſtrice, Baiæ:
 Canáque ſulphureis nympha natatur aquis;
Me Nomentani confirmant otia ruris,
 Et caſa jugeribus non oneroſa ſuis.
Hìc mihi Baiani Soles, molliſque Lucrinus;
 Hìc veſtræ mihi ſunt, Caſtrice, divitiæ.
Quondam laudatas quocunque libebat ad undas
 Currere, nec longas pertimuiſſe vias.
Nunc urbi vicina juvant, faciléſque receſſus;
 Et ſatìs eſt, pigro ſi licet eſſe mihi.

LXV. *Ad Tuccam.*

HEXAMETRIS epigrammata facis, ſcio dicere Tuccam:
 Tucca, ſolet fieri; denique, Tucca, licet.

Sed

The ſecond is the ſquinting butler's lad;
And the third lump dropp'd from the gardener's ſpade.
As like the carter this, as he can ſtare:
That has the footman's pert and forward air.
Two girls with raven and with carrot pate;
This the poſtillion's is, the coachman's that.
The ſteward and the groom old hurts diſable,
Or elſe two branches more had graced your table.

Ep. XLIII.

While you at Bath indulge each happy day,
In bathing, drinking, dancing, or at play;
I at Barn-Elms a villa have of late,
Healthy, and not too large for my eſtate.
And here am I as rich, as you can be;
'Tis Bath, 'tis Tunbridge, every thing to me.
Once every public place was my abode;
Nor was I better pleaſed than on the road.
Now like a houſe, to which with eaſe I go;
And to be idle, find enough to do.

Ep. LXV.

What? in long verſe write epigrams? ſay you.
I ſay, 'tis uſual, and 'tis lawful too.

Sed tamen hoc longum eſt. ſolet hoc quoque, Tucca, licétque:
Si breviora probas, diſticha ſola legas.
Conveniat nobis: ut fas epigrammata longa
Sit tranſire tibi; ſcribere, Tucca, mihi.

LXX. *Ad Martianum.*

SEXAGESIMA, Martiane, meſſis
Acta eſt, &, puto, jam ſecunda Cottæ;
Nec ſe tædia lectuli calentis
Expertum meminit die vel uno.
Oſtendit digitum, ſed impudicum,
Alconti, Daſióque, Symmachóque,
At noſtri bene computentur anni,
Et, quantum tetricæ tulere febres,
Aut languor gravis, aut mali dolores,
A vitâ meliore ſeparentur:
Infantes ſumus, & ſenes videmur.
Ætatem Priamíque, Neſtoríſque
Longam qui putat eſſe, Martiane,
Multùm decipitúrque, fallitúrque.
Non eſt vivere, ſed valere, vita.

Then, they are long. This too is law and uſe,
If you like ſhort; do you the diſtichs chuſe.
Let us agree; the bargain does no hurt;
I may write long; and you may read the ſhort.

Ep. LXX.

If I judge right, our good old friend Sir John
Next ſpring is ſixty-three, or thereupon.
Yet it was never known, I've heard it ſaid,
That in his life he one day kept his bed:
Nor ever, but in joke, held out his pulſe,
To Sloane, to Mead, to Wilmot, or to Hulſe.
If from our life's account, we ſhould ſtrike out
The hours we loſe by fevers, or the gout,
By ſpleen, by head-ach, every other ill;
Though we ſeem old, we are but children ſtill.
If any think Priam or Neſtor old,
Though o'er the laſt three centuries had rolled,
They're much deceiv'd; for ſenſe and reaſon tell,
That life is only life, when we are well.

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

LIBER SEPTIMUS.

III. *Ad Pontilianum.*

CUR non mitto meos tibi, Pontiliane, libellos?
Ne mihi tu mittas, Pontiliane, tuos.

IX. *De Caſſelio.*

CUM ſexaginta numeret Caſſelius annos,
Ingenioſus homo eſt: quando diſertus erit?

X. *In Olum.*

PÆDICATUR Eros, fellat Linus: Ole, quid ad te,
De cute quid faciant ille, vel ille, ſuâ?
Centenis futuit Matho millibus: Ole, quid ad te?
Non tu propterea, ſed Matho pauper erit.

In

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK the SEVENTH.

Epigram III.

YOU aſk me, why I have no verſes ſent?
For fear you ſhould return the compliment.

Ep. IX.

IF at threeſcore he lawyer do commence;
Say, at what age he'll be a man of ſenſe.

Ep. X.

JACK and Tom haunt each bawdy-houſe in town:
What's that to you? Is not their ſkin their own?
Harry at vaſt expence maintains a whore:
What's that you? 'Tis Harry will grow poor.

In lucem cœnat Sertorius: Ole, quid ad te?
  Cùm liceat totâ ſtertere nocte tibi.
Septingenta Tito debet Lupus: Ole, quid ad te?
  Aſſem ne dederis, credideríſve Lupo.
Illud diſſimulas, ad te quod pertinet, Ole,
  Quódque magìs curæ convenit eſſe tuæ.
Pro togulâ debes: hoc ad te pertinet, Ole.
  Quadrantem nemo jam tibi credet: & hoc.
Uxor mœcha tibi eſt: hoc ad te pertinet, Ole.
  Poſcit jam dotem filia grandis: & hoc.
Dicere quindecies poteram, quod pertinet ad te:
  Sed quid agas, ad me pertinet, Ole, nihil.

XXV. *In malum poëtam.*

DULCIA cùm tantùm ſcribas epigrammata ſemper,
  Et ceruſſatâ candidiòra cute:
Nulláque mica ſalis, nec amari fellis in illis
  Gutta ſit, ô demens! vis tamen illa legi.
Nec cibus ipſe juvat morſu fraudatus aceti:
  Nec grata eſt facies, cui gelaſinus abeſt.
Infanti melimela dato, fatuáſque mariſcas:
  Nam mihi, quæ novit pungere, Chia ſapit.

XXVII. *De apro ſibi à Dextro miſſo.*

TUSCÆ glandis aper populator, & ilice multâ
  Jam piger, Ætolæ fama ſecunda feræ,
Quem meus intravit ſplendenti cuſpide Dexter;
  Præda jacet noſtris invidioſa focis.

Ned ſpends the nights in gaming and in riot:
What's that to you? Cannot you ſleep in quiet?
Dick owes five hundred pound unto a friend:
What's that to you? Does Dick aſk you to lend?
Do you forget, what is your own affair?
Of what it more becomes you to take care?
'Tis your affair, to pay for your own coat:
As 'tis, that none will truſt you for a groat,
'Tis your affair, that your wife goes aſtray:
As 'tis, your daughter's portion ſoon to pay.
Thouſands are your affairs, which I decline
To name; for what you do is none of mine.

Ep. XXV.

In all the epigrams you write, we trace
The ſweetneſs, and the candour of your face.
Think you, a reader will for verſes call,
Without one grain of ſalt, or drop of gall?
'Tis vinegar gives reliſh to our food:
A face that cannot ſmile, is never good.
Smooth tales, like ſweet-meats, are for children fit;
High-ſeaſon'd, like my diſhes, be my wit.

Ep. XXVII.

Surely, Sir John, you muſt have been in liquor,
To ſend a buck unto a country vicar:
The fatteſt too, that you have ſhot this ſeaſon.
It crouds my kitchen up beyond all reaſon.

To

Pingueſcant madido tetri nidore Penates,
Flagret & exciſo feſta culina jugo.
Sed coquus ingentem piperis conſumet acervum,
Addet & arcano miſta Falerna garo.
Ad dominum redeas: noſter te non capit ignis,
Conturbator aper, viliùs eſurio.

XXVIII. *Ad Fuſcum.*

SIC Tiburtinæ creſcat tibi ſylva Dianæ,
Et properet cæſum ſæpe redire nemus.
Nec Tarteſſiacis Pallas tua, Fuſce, trapetis
Cedat, & immodici dent bona muſta lacus.
Sic fora mirentur, ſic te Pallatia laudent,
Excolat & geminas plurima palma fores:
Otia dum medius præſtat tibi parva December,
Exige, ſed certâ, quos legis, aure jocos.
Scire libet verum: res eſt hæc ardua: ſed tu
Quod tibi vis dici, dicere, Fuſce, potes.

XXXI. *Ad Regulum.*

RAUCÆ cortis aves, & ova matrum,
Et flavas medio vapore Chias,
Et fœtum querulæ rudem capellæ,
Nec jam frigoribus pares olivas,
Et canum gelidis olus pruinis
De noſtro tibi rure miſſa credis?

O quàm,

To dreſs it, I ſhould build my chimney new:
Without a cook, ſhould borrow one of you.
It would conſume almoſt a cord of wood:
Much wine and ſpice, to make the paſty good.
If I invite my pariſh; without doubt,
They would confound a hogſhead of my ſtout.
Then take it back; for here it can't be dreſt:
And it is Ember-week; to faſt is beſt.

Ep. XXVIII.

Soon may your new-cut coppices revive;
And your new-planted grove and garden thrive;
May laughing Ceres dance around your fields;
And your preſs flow with gifts Pomona yields;
May you a fee receive in every cauſe;
And hall, and houſes hear you with applauſe;
If in the time the long vacations lend,
You read my jokes, and cenſure as a friend.
I want the truth, ſtill backward to appear:
Tell me, what you yourſelf would freely hear.

Ep. XXXI.

If I by chance a pullet have with egg:
Of Chriſtmas-lamb if I produce a leg;
With winter peaſe or 'ſparagus I treat;
You think them ſent me from my country ſeat.

But

O quàm, Regule, diligenter erras!
Nil noſtri, niſi me, ferunt agelli.
Quidquid villicus Umber, aut colonus,
Aut rus marmore tertio notatum,
Aut Tuſci tibi, Tuſculíve mittunt,
Id tota mihi naſcitur Suburrâ.

XXXIX. *De Cælio.*

DISCURSUS varios, vagúmque mané,
Et faſtus, & ave potentiorum,
Cùm perferre patíque jam negaret;
Cœpit fingere Cælius podagram.
Quam dum vult nimis approbare veram,
Et ſanas linet oblîgátque plantas,
Incedítque gradu laborioſò;
Quantum cura poteſt, & ars doloris!
Deſît fingere Cælius podagram.

XLIII. *In Cinnam.*

PRIMUM eſt, ut præſtes, ſi quid te, Cinna, rogabo;
  Illud deinde ſequens, ut citò, Cinna, neges.
Diligo præſtantem; non odi, Cinna, negantem;
  Sed tu nec præſtas, nec citò, Cinna, negas.

XLIV. *De imagine Maximi Cæſonii, ad Q. Ovidium.*

MAXIMUS ille tuus, Ovidi, Cæſonius hic eſt;
  Cujus adhuc vultum vivida cera tenet.

Hunc

But you're deceiv'd; for you muſt underſtand,
I am my only ſtock upon my land.
What Darking ſends, in Leadenhall I found;
In Covent-garden more than Chelſea ground.

Ep. XXXIX.

His lordſhip's mornings were in hurry ſpent,
What with a levee, news, and compliment;
That his good lordſhip was quite wearied out;
And for his eaſe gave out he had the gout.
'Tis fit a man of honour ſhould ſay true:
To ſhew he did, what did his lordſhip do?
His foot, not founder'd, he in flannels bound;
Limp'd on a crutch; nor touch'd with toe the ground.
What may not man with care and art obtain!
By feigning, long his lordſhip did not feign.

Ep. XLIII.

The kindeſt thing of all is to comply;
The next kind thing is quickly to deny:
I love performance; nor denial hate:
Your Shall I, Shall I, is the curſed ſtate.

Ep. XLIV.

See your great friend Cæſonius, who is gone!
His likeneſs ſeem to animate the ſtone!

Whom

Hunc Nero damnavit: ſed tu damnare Neronem
Auſus es, & profugi, non tua, fata ſequi.
Æquora per Scyllæ magnus comes exulis iſti;
Qui modò nolueras conſulis ire comes.
Si victura meis mandantur nomina chartis,
Et fas eſt cineri me ſupereſſe meo:
Audiet hoc præſens, venturáque turba; fuiſſe
Illi te, Senecæ quod fuit ille ſuo.

XLVI. *Ad Priſcum.*

COMMENDARE tuum dum vis mihi carmine munus,
Mæonióque cupis doctiùs ore loqui:
Excrucias multis pariter me téque diebus:
Et tua de noſtro, Priſce, Thalia placet.
Divitibus poteris muſas, elegóſque ſonantes
Mittere: pauperibus munera pexa dato.

XLVII. *Ad Licinium Suram.*

DOCTORUM Licini celeberrime Sura virorum,
Cujus priſca graves lingua reduxit avos:
Redderis (heu) quanto fatorum munere nobis,
Guſtatâ Lethes penè remiſſus aquâ!
Perdiderant jam vota metum, ſecuráque flebant
Triſtia cum lacrymis: jámque peractus eras.
Non tulit invidiam taciti regnator Averni,
Et raptas fatis reddidit ipſe colos.
Scis igitur, quantas hominum mors falſa querelas
Moverit, & frueris poſteritate tuâ.

Vive

Whom Nero cenſur'd, ſpight of tyrant's hate,
You dar'd acquit, and dar'd to ſhare his fate.
You, who refus'd a conſul to attend,
Attend through dangerous ſeas an exil'd friend.
If any names ſhall in my writings live;
Or if my own my aſhes ſhall ſurvive;
Let it in every future age be ſaid,
His love to Seneca that you repaid.

Ep. XLVI.

I UNDERSTAND, to ſend me you deſign
A preſent of fine verſes, with your wine.
Why will you crack your brain; and break my reſt;
And make of me your idle Clio's jeſt?
Send rhymes to peers, to poor men ſend your treaſure:
They may, I cannot, wait the muſes' leiſure.

Ep. XLVII.

O DOCTOR, learn'd as ever filled a chair;
Whoſe doctrine's primitive, and life is fair;
What an amazing providence did ſave,
And thus recall you, from the opening grave!
We ceaſe to pray; deſpairing we deplore;
Our tears burſt out; we cry, 'He is no more!
Kind heaven relented ere it was too late:
And ſent an angel to retard your fate.
Conſcious, what ſorrow from this rumour came,
You now inherit your own future fame.

Loſe

Vive velut rapto, fugitivâque gaudia carpe:
Perdiderit nullum vita reverſa diem.

LXV. *In Gargilianum.*

Lis te bis decimæ numerantem frigora brumæ
Conterit una tribus, Gargiliane, foris.
Ah miſer, & demens! viginti litigat annis
Quiſquam, cui vinci, Gargiliane, licet?

LXXVI. *Ad Philomuſum.*

Quòd te diripiunt potentiores
Per convivia, porticus, theatra,
Et tecum, quoties ita incidiſti,
Geſtari juvat, & juvat lavari:
Nolito nimiùm tibi placere.
Delectas, Philomuſe: non amaris.

XCVIII. *Ad Caſtorem.*

Omnia, Caſtor, emis: ſic fiet, ut omnia vendas.

Loſe not one day, that was ſo kindly given:
Employ each well, in gratitude to heaven.

Ep. LXV.

For twice ten years you to the hall reſort;
And now purſue your cauſe in the third court.
Would any madman let a proceſs laſt
For twenty years, who ſooner could be caſt?

Ep. LXXVI.

All the great men take you away
To dinner, coffee-houſe, or play.
Nor happier are, than when you chance
To hunt with them, or take a dance.
Yet do not pride yourſelf too ſoon:
You're not a friend, but a buffoon.

Ep. XCVIII.

You purchaſe every thing, which makes it plain
That every thing you ſoon will ſell again.

N. B. The 101ſt in the Spectator, No. 52.

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

LIBER OCTAVUS.

V. *Ad Macrum.*

DUM donas, Macer, annulos puellis;
Desîſti, Macer, annulos habere.

VI. *In Euctum.*

ARCHETYPIS vetuli nihil eſt odioſius Eucti,
Ficta Saguntino cymbia malo luto.
Argenti furioſæ ſui cùm ſtemmata narrat
Garrulus, & verbis mucida vina facit.
Laomedonteæ fuerant hæc pocula menſæ;
Ferret ut hæc, muros ſtruxit Apollo lyrâ.
Hôc cratere ferox commiſit prælia Rhœcus
Cum Lapithis; pugnâ debile cernis opus.

SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

Book the Eighth.

Epigram V.

YOU give ſo many girls a ring;
That you yourſelf have no ſuch thing.

Ep. VI.

In leathern jack to drink much leſs I hate,
Than in Sir William's antique ſet of plate.
He tells the gaſconading pedigree,
Till the wine turns inſipid too as he.
This tumbler, in the world the oldeſt the toy,
Says he, was brought by Brute himſelf from Troy.
That handled cup, and which is larger far,
A preſent to my father from the Czar:
See how 'tis bruis'd, and the work broken off;
'Twas when he flung it at prince Menzicoff.

The

Hi duo longævo cenſentur Neſtore fundi:
Pollici de Pylio trita columba nitet.
Hic ſcyphus eſt, in quo miſceri juſſit amicis
Largius Æacides vividiúſque merum.
Hâc propinavit Bytiæ pulcherrima Dido
In paterâ, Phrygio cùm data cœna viro eſt.
Miratus fueris cùm priſca toreumata multùm,
In Priami cyathis Aſtyanacta bibes.

X. De Baſſo.

Emit lacernás millibus decem Baſſus
Tyrias coloris optimi. lucrifecit.
Adeò bene emit? inquis. imò nôn ſolvit.

XII. Ad Priſcum.

Uxorem quàre locupletem ducere nolim,
Quæritis? uxori nubere nolo meæ:
Inferior matrona ſuo ſit, Priſce, marito:
Non aliter fuerint fœmina vírque pares.

XIV. In crudelem amicum,

Pallida ne Cilicum timeant pomaria brumam,
Mordeat et tenerum fortior aura nemus:
Hybernis objecta notis ſpecularia puros
Admittunt ſoles, & ſinè fæce diem.
At mihi cella datur, non totâ clauſa feneſtrâ,
In quâ nec Boreas ipſe manere velit.

The other with the cover, which is leſs,
Was once the property of good queen Beſs:
In it ſhe pledg'd duke d'Alençon, then gave it
To Drake, my wife's great uncle: ſo we have it.
The bowl, the tankard, flagon, and the beaker,
Were my great-grandfather's, when he was ſpeaker.
What pity 'tis, that plate ſo old and fine,
Should correſpond no better with the wine.

Ep. X.

His lordſhip bought his laſt gay birth-day dreſs,
And gay it was, for fourſcore pound, or leſs.
Is he ſo good at buying cheap? you ſay:
Extremely good: for he does never pay.

Ep. XII.

A fortune take for better and for worſe!
I would not have grey mare the better horſe.
For when the woman is inferior far,
'Tis then that man and wife are on the par.

Ep. XIV.

Your oranges and myrtles, with what coſt,
You guard againſt the nipping winds and froſt!
The abſent ſun the conſtant ſtoves repair:
Windows admit his beams without the air.
My garret too hath windows, but not glaſſes;
Where Boreas never ſtays, but often paſſes.

For

Sic habitare jubes veterem crudelis amicum?
  Arboris ergo tuæ tutior hoſpes ero.

XVII. *Ad Sextum.*

Egi, Sexte, tuam, pactus duo millia, cauſam.
  Miſiſti nummos quot mihi? mille. quid eſt?
Narrâſti nihil, inquis, & à te perdita cauſa eſt:
  Tanto plus debes, Sexte, quod erubui.

XVIII. *Ad Cirinium.*

Sic tua, Cirini, promas epigrammata vulgo,
  Vel mecum poſſis, vel prior ipſe legi:
Sed tibi tantus ineſt veteris reſpectus amici,
  Carior ut mea ſit quàm tua fama tibi.
Sic Maro nec Calabri tentavit carmina Flacci,
  Pindaricos nôſſet cùm ſuperare modos:
Et Vario ceſſit Romani laude cothurni,
  Cùm poſſet tragicò fortiùs ore loqui.
Aurum, & opes, & rura frequens donabit amicus:
  Qui velit ingenio cedere, rarus erit.

XIX. *De Cinnâ.*

Pauper videri Cinna vult; & eſt pauper.

XX. *Ad Varum.*

Cum facias verſus nullâ non luce ducenos,
  Vare, nihil recitas: non ſapis, atque ſapis.

XXIII. *Ad*

For ſhame! to let an old acquaintance freeze!
I had much better live amongſt your trees.

Ep. XVII.

You ſaid, ten guineas, when your cauſe was done:
What? do you think to fobb me off with one?
Now you pretend, that I could nothing ſay.
The more you owe, my bluſhes to repay.

Ep. XVIII.

In epigram ſo happy is your ſtrain,
You might be read, and I might write in vain:
But your regard to friendſhip ſo ſincere,
Your own applauſe, than mine, you hold leſs dear.
So Maro left to Flaccus Pindar's flight,
Able himſelf to ſoar a nobler height:
And warm'd with a ſuperior tragic rage,
To Varius gave the honour of the ſtage.
Friends oft to friends in other points ſubmit;
Few yield the glory of the field in wit.

Ep. XIX.

When Cinna to be poor pretends,
He's no pretender: between friends.

Ep. XX.

You make two hundred verſes in a trice;
But publiſh none:——The man is mad and wiſe.

XXIII. *Ad Ruſticum.*

Esse tibi videor ſævus, nimiúmque guloſus,
Qui propter cœnam, Ruſtice, cædo cocum.
Si levis iſta tibi flagrorum cauſa videtur,
Ex quâ vis causâ vapulet ergo cocus?

XXVII. *Ad Gaurum.*

Munera qui tibi dat locupleti, Gaure, ſeníque,
Si ſapis & ſentis, hic tibi ait: morere.

XXIX. *de Diſtichis.*

Disticha qui ſcribit, puto, vult brevitate placere.
Quid prodeſt brevitas, dic mihi, ſi liber eſt?

XXXV. *In peſſimos conjuges.*

Cum ſitis ſimiles, paréſque vitâ,
Uxor peſſima, peſſimus maritus;
Miror, non bene convenire vobis.

XXXVII. *Ad Polycarmum.*

Quòd Cajetano reddis, Polycarme, tabellas,
Millia te centum num tribuiſſe putas?
Debuit hæc, inquis. tibi habe, Polycarme, tabellas,
Et Cajetano millia crede duo.

XXXVIII. *Ad Meliorem.*

Qui præſtat pietate pertinaci
Senſuro bona liberalitatis,

Capet

Ep. XXIII.

You take me for a glutton, and a ſinner,
Who beat my cook for ſpoiling of my dinner,
If, as a trifling cauſe, on this you look;
Tell me a better cauſe to beat a cook.

Ep. XXVII.

You're rich and old: to you they preſents ſend:
Don't you perceive, they bid you die, my friend?

Ep. XXIX.

You hope, in diſtichs brevity may pleaſe:
A book of diſtichs gives us no great eaſe.

Ep. XXXV.

Both man and wife as bad, as bad can be:
I wonder, they no better ſhould agree.

Ep. XXXVII.

You gave Jack up his judgment and his bond:
Have you then given Jack a hundred pound?
You ſay, he ow'd it: he will both reſtore,
Let him but owe you for a hundred more.

Ep. XXXVIII.

Presents to living friends may have an eye
To greater favours, or a legacy.

Captet forſitan, aut vicem repoſcat:
At ſi quis dare nomini relicto
Poſt manes, tumulúmque perſeveret,
Quærit quid, niſi parciùs dolere?
Refert ſis bonus, an velis videri.
Præſtas hoc, Melior, ſciente famâ:
Qui ſollennibus anxius ſepulti
Nomen non ſinis interire Blæſi:
Et de munificâ profuſus arcâ
Ad natalitium diem colendum
Scribarum memori piæque turbæ
Quod donas, facis ipſe Blæſianum.
Hoc longum tibi vita dum manebit,
Hoc & poſt cineres erit tributum.

XLI. *Ad Fauſtinum.*

Tristis Athenagoras non miſit munera nobis,
  Quæ medio brumæ mittere menſe ſolet.
An ſit Athenagoras triſtis, Fauſtine, videbo:
  Me certè triſtem fecit Athenagoras.

XLIII. *In Fabium & Chreſtillam.*

Effert uxores Fabius, Chreſtilla maritos;
  Funereámque toris quaſſat uterque facem.
Victores committe, Venus: quos iſte manebit
  Exitus, una duos ut Libitina ferat.

Expe nces, laviſh'd after their deceaſe,
May be perhaps to give our ſorrows eaſe.
Perhaps 'tis vanity: 'tis not the ſame,
To covet and to merit a good name.
All know, each year you coſtly tribute pay,
To celebrate great William's natal day.
All know, immortal is his memory.
Can you then fear, his memory may die?
Illuminations, liquor to the town,
Add not to his, but may to your renown.
The tale may now among your neighbours ſpread;
But ſoon will die away, when you are dead.

Ep. XLI.

You're ſorry, you forgot to ſend, you ſay,
My uſual preſent upon New-year's day.
Whether you ſorry are, 'tis time muſt ſhew:
It certain is, that you have made me ſo.

Ep. XLIII.

Five wives hath he diſpatch'd, ſhe husbands five:
By both alike the undertakers thrive,
Venus aſſiſt! let them join hands in troth!
And then one funeral may ſerve them both.

XLIV. *Ad Titullum.*

TITULLE, moneo, vive ſemper; hoc ſerum eſt;
Sub pædagogo cœperis licèt, ſerum eſt.
At tu, miſer Titulle, nec ſenex vivis;
Sed omne limen conteris ſalutator,
Et manè ſudas urbis oſculis udus,
Foróque triplici ſparſus ante equos omnes,
Ædémque Martis, & Coloſſon Auguſti
Curris per omnes tertiáſque, quintáſque.
Rape, congere, auſer, poſſide: relinquendum eſt.
Superba denſis arca palleat nummis,
Centum explicentur paginæ Calendarum:
Jurabit hæres, te nihil reliquiſſe,
Supraque pluteum te jacente, vel ſaxum,
Fartus papyro dum tibi torus creſcit,
Flentes ſuperbus baſiabit eunuchos;
Tuóque triſtis filius, velis nolis,
Cum concubino nocte dormiet primâ.

LIII. *In Catullam.*

FORMOSISSIMA quæ fuere, vel ſunt,
Sed viliſſima quæ fuere, vel ſunt,
O quàm te fieri, Catulla, vellem
Formoſam minùs, aut magis pudicam!

Ep. XLIV.

'Tis late: begin to live, old gentleman:
It would be late, if you at ſchool began.
You a long race of miſery have run;
But have not yet the race of life begun.
Your every morning is in labour ſpent,
This man to dun, or that to compliment.
With dirty ſtockings you to Hall reſort,
A well-known party now in every court,
Through every quarter of the town you range,
Guild-hall, the Bank, the Cuſtom-houſe, the Change.
Heap, ſcrape, oppreſs, uſe every fraudful art;
Oh! diſmal thought! your wealth and you muſt part!
Of caſh and mortgages though huge your ſtore,
Your graceleſs ſon will wonder 'tis no more.
And when the plumes ſhall o'er your coffin wave,
And ſable's venal train attend your grave,
Chief mourner he, and heir to your embrace,
Shall with your whore that night ſupply your place.

Ep. LIII.

So very fair! and yet ſo very common!
Would you were plainer! or a better woman!

LVI. *Ad Flaccum.*

TEMPORIBUS noſtris ætas cùm cedat avorum,
Creverit & major cum duce Roma ſuo:
Ingenium ſacri miraris abeſſe Maronis,
Nec quemquam tantâ bella ſonare tubâ.
Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones,
Virgiliúmque tibi vel tua rura dabunt.
Jugera perdiderat miſeræ vicina Cremonæ,
Flebat & abductas Tityrus æger oves.
Riſit Tuſcus eques, paupertatémque malignam
Repulit, & celeri juſſit abire fugâ,
Accipe divitias, & vatum maximus eſto:
Tu licet & noſtrum, dixit, Alexin ames.
Adſtabat domini menſis pulcherrimus ille
Marmoreâ fundens nigra Falerna manu,
Et libata dabat roſeis carcheſia labris,
Quæ poterant ipſum ſollicitare Jovem.
Excidit attonito pinguis Galatea poëtæ,
Theſtylis & rubras meſſibus uſta genas:
Protinus Italiam concepit, & *arma virúmque,*
Qui modò vix Culicem fleverat ore rudi.
Quid Varos, Marſóſque loquar, ditatáque vatum
Nomina, magnus erit quos numerare labor?
Ergo ero Virgilius, ſi munera Mæcenatis
Des mihi? Virgilius non ero, Marſus ero.

LIX. *In*

Ep. LVI.

Since never was an age ſo happy yet;
So great the nation or the prince ſo great;
You wonder, that no Addiſons remain,
No bard to ſing a fortunate Campaign.
Let but Mæcenas, Virgil will, revive:
Ev'n your own villa may a Virgil give.
When Tityrus bewail'd his flocks ſo dear;
And to Cremona farms, alas! too near;
Benevolently ſmil'd the Tuſcan knight;
And put malignant Poverty to flight.
A poet be, and take my purſe, he ſaid;
Take what you like; take ev'n my favourite maid:
Attendant at his board the damſel ſtands;
And fills his claret with her lilly hands;
Sips it with roſy lips, which might inſpire
With wanton thoughts the virtue of a friar.
Fat Galatea haunts his ſoul no more;
Nor Theſtilis, his ſun-burnt country whore.
He, who once humble themes purſued, then ſung
'Arms and the man, whence Roman grandeur ſprung.'
'Twere endleſs to recount each laurel'd ſhade
Rich and immortal by ſuch bounty made.
I'll Virgil be, might I like favours hope:
No: 'tis not Virgil I will be, but Pope.

LIX. *In luſcum furem.*

ADSPICIS hunc uno contentum lumine, cujus
 Lippa ſub attritâ fronte lacuna patet?
Ne contemne caput, nihil eſt furacius illo;
 Non fuit Autolyci tam piceata manus.
Hunc tu convivam cautus ſervare memento:
 Tunc furit, atque oculo luſcus utroque videt.
Pocula ſolliciti perdunt ligulâſque miniſtri,
 Et latet in tepido plurima mappa ſinu.
Lapſa nec à cubito ſubducere pallia neſcit,
 Et tectus lænis ſæpe duabus abit.
Nec dormitantem vernam fraudare lucernâ
 Erubuit fallax, ardeat illa licèt.
Si nihil invaſit, puerum tunc arte doloſâ
 Circuit, & ſoleas ſurripit ipſe ſuas.

LXVII. *In Cæcilianum.*

HORAS quinque puer nondum tibi nunciat, & tu
 Jam conviva mihi, Cæciliane, venis.
Cùm modò diſtulerint raucæ vadimonia quartæ,
 Et Floralicias laſſet arena feras.
Curre, age, & illotos revoca, Caliſte, miniſtros.
 Sternantur lecti: Cæciliane, ſede.
Caldam poſcis aquam; ſed nondum frigida venit:
 Alget adhuc nudo clauſa culina foco.
Manè veni potiùs; nam cur te quinta moretur?
 Ut jentes, ſerò, Cæciliane, venis.

LXVIII.

Ep. LIX.

See you that fellow, with a harden'd front,
One eye with patch, and one with knave upon't;
Revere in him the captain of the band
Once rul'd by Wild; more glewy is his hand.
At table with him, take care what you do;
His eye will be more watchful than your two.
He'll make the ſervants hunt for ſpoons; and clap
His napkin in his breeches, not his lap;
Whip up a handkerchief, that's fallen down;
Or ſlip another joſeph on his own:
His own portmanteau carry off unſeen;
And charge it on the maſter of the inn.

Ep. LXVII.

You as my gueſt appear, when 'tis not One
By Paul's, or any other clock in town.
The courts at Weſtminſter are ſitting ſtill;
The Speaker has not read one private bill.
Make haſte, good John, and never mind your hair;
But lay the cloth; and ſet us each a chair.
Bring us the ſoupe.—There is no water yet.
Where is the lamb?—It is not on the ſpit.
You ſhould be earlier, Sir; till noon why wait?
You come to breakfaſt moſt extremely late.

Ep. LXVIII.

LXVIII. *Ad Entellum.*

Qui Corcyræi vidit pomaria regis,
Rus, Entelle, tuæ præferat ille domus.
Invida purpureos urat ne bruma racemos,
Et gelidum Bacchi munera frigus edat;
Condita perſpicuâ vivit vindemia gemmâ,
Et tegitur felix, nec tamen uva latet.
Fœmineum lucet ſic per bombycina corpus:
Calculus in nitidâ ſic numeratur aquâ.
Quid non ingenio voluit natura licere?
Autumnum ſterilis ferre jubetur hyems.

LXIX. *In Vacerram.*

Miraris veteres, Vacerra, ſolos,
Nec laudas niſi mortuos poetas.
Ignoſcas petimus, Vacerra: tanti
Non eſt, ut placeam tibi, perire.

LXXIV. *In malum medicum.*

Hoplomachus nunc es, fueras ophthalmicus ante:
Feciſti medicus, quod facis hoplomachus.

LXXV. *De Gallo Lingone.*

Dum repetit ſerâ conductos nocte penates
Lingonus à rectâ Flaminiâque recens
Expulit offenſo vitiatum pollice talum,
Et jacuit toto corpore fuſus humi.

Quid

Ep. LXVIII.

He, who hath ſeen the gardens at Verſailles,
When he ſees yours, will think their beauty fails.
Here, leſt the purple branch be ſcorch'd by froſt,
And Bacchus' gifts by cold devouring loſt;
Shut in the glaſs the living vintage lies,
Securely cloath'd, yet naked to the eyes.
Through fineſt lace ſo female graces beam;
Pebbles are counted in the lucid ſtream.
What will not Nature yield to human ſkill?
When ſteril winter ſhall be autumn ſtill.

Ep. LXIX.

The ancients all your veneration have;
You like no poet on this ſide the grave.
Yet, pray, excuſe me ; if to pleaſe you, I
Can hardly think it worth my while to die.

Ep. LXXIV.

A Doctor lately was a captain made;
It is a change of title, not of trade.

Ep. LXXV.

Tom about One was from the tavern come;
And with his load through Fleet-ſtreet reeling home;
Striking his toe againſt the Lord knows what,
Into the kennel he directly ſhot.

Quid faceret Gallus, quâ ſe ratione moveret?
  Ingenti domino ſervulus unus erat,
Tam macer, ut minimam poſſet vix ferre lucernam:
  Succurrit miſero caſus, opémque tulit.
Quatuor inſcripti portabant vile cadaver,
  Accipit infelix qualia mille rogus.
Hos comes invalidus ſubmiſſâ voce precatur,
  Ut, quocumque velint, corpus inane ferant.
Permutatur onus, ſtipatáque tollitur altè
  Grandis in anguſtâ ſarcina ſandapilâ.
Hic mihi de multis unus, Lucane, videtur
  Cui meritò dici, *mortue Galle*, poteſt.

LXXVI. *In Gallicum.*

Dic verum mihi, Marce, dic amabo:
Nil eſt, quod magis audiam libenter:
Sic & cùm recitas tuos libellos,
Et cauſam quoties agis clientis,
Oras, Gallice, me rogáſque ſemper.
Durum eſt me tibi, quod petis, negare.
Vero verius ergò quid ſit, audi:
Verum, Gallice, non libenter audis.

LXXIX. *In Fabullam.*

Omnes aut vetulas habes amicas,
Aut turpes, vetuliſque fœdiores:
Has ducis comites, trahíſque tecum
Per convivia, porticus, theatra.
Sic formoſa, Fabulla, ſic puella es.

LXXXI. De

What muſt Tom do? he could not ſtir or ſpeak;
One only lad he had; and he ſo weak,
He ſcarce could bear his cloak; and wanted might
To ſet the fallen monument upright.
But Tom's kind ſtars did preſent help ſupply;
By chance an empty herſe was paſſing by;
The lad ſcreams out, 'Good gentlemen, I pray
' One moment ſtop, and take a corpſe away:
There's no great ceremony with the dead:
They ſqueeze him in, no matter, heels or head.
Thus Fortune, in gay humour, did contrive,
To make of Tom the beſt dead man alive.

Ep. LXXVI.

Tell me, ſay you, and tell me without fear
The truth, the thing I moſt deſire to hear.
This is your language, when your works you quote:
And when you plead, this is your conſtant note.
'Tis moſt inhuman longer to deny,
What you ſo often preſs ſo earneſtly.
To the great truth of all then lend an ear:
' You are uneaſy when the truth you hear.

Ep. LXXIX.

All the companions of her grace, I'm told,
Are either very plain, or very old.
With theſe ſhe viſits: theſe ſhe drags about,
To play, to ball, aſſembly, auctions, rout:
With theſe ſhe ſups: with theſe ſhe takes the air.
Without ſuch foils is lady dutcheſs fair?

LXXXI. *De Gellia.*

Non per myſtica ſacra Dindymenes,
Nec per Niliacæ bovem juvencæ,
Nullos denique per deos, deaſque
Jurat Gellia: ſed per uniones.
Hos amplectitur, hos deoſculatur,
Hos fratres vocat, hos vocat ſorores,
Hos natis amat acriùs duobus.
His ſi quo careat miſella caſu,
Victuram negat eſſe ſe nec horam.
Eheu quàm bene nunc, Papiriane,
Annæi faceret manus Sereni?

Ep. LXXXI.

WHAT do you think is lady Betty's oath?
'Tis neither ſplit me, dem me, faith, nor troth:
Not by heaven's powers, or thoſe of her own face;
But her dear drop, and dearer Bruſſels lace.
She calls them her dear creatures, hugs, and kiſſes;
And loves them better than both little miſſes.
Proteſts, if they were raviſh'd from her power,
She could not poſſibly ſurvive that hour.
Then grant, kind heaven, when next ſhe ſees the play,
Some hand, like Pony's, ſnatch them both away.

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

LIBER NONUS.

VI. *In Paullam.*

NUBERE vis Priſco, non miror, Paulla: ſapiſti.
Ducere te non vult Priſcus: & ille ſapit.

VIII. *In Afrum.*

DICERE de Libycis reduci tibi gentibus, Afer,
Continuis volui quinque diebus ave.
Non vacat, aut dormit, dictum bis, térque reverſo:
Jam ſatìs eſt. non vis, Afer, avere: vale.

X. *Ad Bithynicum.*

NIL tibi legavit Fabius, Bithynice, cui tu
Annua, ſi memini, millia ſena dabas.
Plus nulli dedit ille: queri, Bithynice, noli:
Annua legavit millia ſena tibi.

XI. *In*

SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

Book the Ninth.

Epigram VI.

THAT you would wed Sir John is very wiſe:
That he don't care to wed, is no ſurpriſe.

Ep. VIII.

SINCE your return from Rome, I five days went,
To wiſh you well, and pay my compliment.
'Buſy, not up, hath been my anſwer ſtill;
Adieu: you will not let me wiſh you well.

Ep. X.

NOT in his will! who from you uſed to clear
A hundred pound in preſents every year!
Ceaſe to complain; you are dealt greatly by:
A hundred pound a year's a legacy.

XI. *In Cantharum.*

Coenes, Canthare, cùm foris libenter,
Clamas, & maledicis, & minaris.
Deponas animos truces, moneme:
Liber non potes, & guloſus eſſe.

XV. *In amicum cœnipetam.*

Hunc, quem cœna tibi, quem menſa paravit amicum,
Eſſe putas fidæ pectus amicitiæ?
Aprum amàt, & mullos, & ſumen, & oſtrea, non te.
Tam bene ſi cœnem, noſter amicus erit.

XVI. *De Chloe.*

Inscripsit tumulo ſeptem celebrata virorum
Se feciſſe Chloe. Quid pote ſimplicius?

XX. *In Sabellum.*

Laudas balnea verſibus trecentis
Cœnantis bene Pontici, Sabelle.
Vis cœnare, Sabelle, non lavari.

XXIII. *Ad Paſtorem.*

Credis ob hoc me, Paſtor, opes fortaſſe rogare,
Propter quod vulgus, craſſaque turba rogat:
Ut Setina meos conſumat glæba ligones,
Et ſonet innumerâ compede Tuſcus ager:
Ut Mauri Libycis centum ſtent dentibus orbes,
Et crepet in noſtris aurea lamina toris:

Nec

Ep. XI.

Since you abroad love to fare plentifully;
Why do you bawl, and domineer, and bully?
This crabbed humour will not do; for he
Will ſeldom taſte deſerts, that is ſo free.

Ep. XV.

This honeſt friend, that you ſo much admire,
No better is, than a mere trencher-ſquire.
He loves not you; but ſalmon, turkey, chine:
Your friend, a better dinner will make mine.

Ep. XVI.

Chloe, her ſeven dead huſbands to lament,
Writes on each tomb, 'She raiſed this monument.'

Ep. XX.

Your verſes on my lord mayor's coach declare,
Not that you ride, but dine, with my lord mayor.

Ep. XXIII.

Perhaps you think, more riches I deſire,
From motives, which the vulgar herd inſpire,
That the bright plough-ſhare ſhine upon my lands;
And that my farm employ a hundred hands.
My tables from carv'd frames derive an air,
From gilt ones my ſettee or elbow-chair.

That

Nec labris niſi magna meis cryſtalla terantur,
 Et faciant nigras noſtra Falerna nives:
Ut Canuſinatus noſtro Syrus aſſere ſudet,
 Et mea ſit culto ſella cliente frequens:
Æſtuet ut noſtro madidus conviva miniſtro,
 Quem permutatum nec Ganimede velim:
Ut lutulenta linat Tyrias mihi mula lacernas,
 Et Maſſyleum virga gubernet equum.
Eſt nihil ex illis: ſuperos, ac ſidera teſtor.
 Ergo quid? ut donem, Paſtor, & ædificem.

XXXI. *In pietatem Nigrinæ.*

CAPPADOCUM ſævis Antiſtius occidit oris
 Ruſticus. ô triſti crimine terra nocens!
Retulit oſſa ſinu cari Nigrina mariti,
 Et queſta eſt longas non ſatis eſſe vias:
Cúmque daret ſanctam tumulis, quibus invidet, urnam,
 Viſa ſibi eſt rapto bis viduata viro.

XXXVI. *In Philomuſum.*

ARTIBUS his ſemper cœnam, Philomuſe, mereris;
 Plurima dum fingis, ſed quaſi vera refers.
Scis, quid in Arſaciâ Pacorus deliberet aulâ;
 Rhenanam numeras, Sarmaticamque manum;
Verba ducis Daci chartis mandata reſignas;
 Victricem laurum, quàm venit, antè vides.

Scis,

That the huge maſſy golden cup be mine;
Or ice look crimſoned by my cooling wine.
That two tall Iriſh men my chair ſupport:
Or at my levee beaux may pay their court.
Or when my mellow gueſt is put to bed,
He may admire the beauty of my maid.
In harneſs gay my ſet of greys advance;
Or that my pad at Foubert's learn to dance.
But, witneſs heaven! and judge if I ſpeak true!
Not one of all thoſe things have I in view.
Building my paſſion is, and to extend
Alms to the poor, and preſents to a friend.

Ep. XXXI.

When late his grace at Naples did expire,
(A place we now may curſe, and not admire)
The pious wife brought home the dear remains;
And of the journey ſhort, too ſhort, complains.
Envies the tomb, that robs her of his urn;
A loſs, which ſhe, as widow'd twice, doth mourn.

Ep. XXXVI.

By theſe ſtale arts a dinner you purſue;
You trump up any tale, and tell as true.
Know, how the councils at the Hague incline:
What troops in Italy and on the Rhine.
A letter from the general produce,
Before the offices could have the news.

Know

Scis, quoties Phario madeat Jove fuſca Syene:
Scis, quota de Libyco litore puppis eat;
Cujus Iülea capiti naſcantur olivæ;
Deſtinet æthereus cui ſua ſerta pater.
Tolle tuas artes, hodie cœnabis apud me:
Hâc lege; ut narres nil, Philomuſe, novi.

XLVII. *In Gellium.*

Gellius ædificat ſemper: modò limina ponit,
Nunc foribus claves aptat, emítque ſeras:
Nunc has, nunc illas mutat, reficítque feneſtras:
Dum tamen ædificet, quidlibet ille facit.
Oranti nummos ut dicere poſſit amico
Unum illud verbum Gellius, *ædifico.*

XLIX. *In Gallicum.*

Hæredem cùm me partis tibi, Gallice, quartæ
Per tua jurares ſacra, capútque tuum;
Credidimus, (quis enim damnet ſua vota libenter?)
Et ſpem muneribus fovimus uſque datis:
Inter quæ rari Laurentem ponderis aprum
Miſimus, Ætolâ de Calydone putes.
At tu continuò populúmque patréſque vocaſti:
Ructat adhuc aprum callida Roma meum.
Ipſe ego (quis credat?) conviva nec ultimus hæſi:
Sed nec coſta data eſt, caudáve miſſa mihi.
De quadrante tuo quid ſperem, Gallice? nulla
De noſtro nobis uncia venit apro.

Know to an inch the riſing of the Nile;
What ſhips are coming from each ſugar iſle;
What we expect from this year's proceedings;
Who ſhall command the forces of the [illegible];
Leave off theſe tricks; and with me if you chuſe
To dine to-day, do ſo; but then, no news.

Ep. XLVII.

He ſtill is building, patches up a door,
Alters a lock, or key; and nothing more;
Removes a window, puts it in repair;
So he but build, no matter what th' affair;
That he may anſwer, aſk him when you will
To lend you money, 'I am building ſtill.'

Ep. XLIX.

By all that's good and ſacred you do ſwear,
To make me of a quarter part your heir.
I think, you would not gratis go to hell;
Nor would I ſtarve a humour I like well.
'Mongſt other things I ſent of bucks a brace,
Fatter than any now on Enfield chace.
Your corporation you invite to dine;
And cramm'd they were with veniſon which was mine,
Though founder I, and not the meaneſt gueſt;
You gave me not one morſel with the reſt,
A little [illegible] on [illegible] plate!
Pray, don't forget a ſlice of your eſtate.

L. *De togâ à Parthenio ſibi donatâ.*

HÆC eſt illa meis multum cantata libellis,
Quam meus edidicit lector, amatque togam.
Partheniana fuit, quondam memorabile vatis
Munus; in hâc ibam conſpiciendus eques:
Dum nova, dum nitida fulgebat ſplendida lanâ,
Dúmque erat auctoris nomine digna ſui.
Nunc anus, & tremulo vix accipienda tribuli,
Quam poſſis niveam dicere jure tuo.
Quid non longa dies, quid non conſumitis, anni?
Hæc toga jam non eſt Partheniana: mea eſt.

LI. *In Gaurum.*

INGENIUM mihi, Gaure, probas ſic eſſe puſillum,
Carmina quòd faciam, quæ brevitate placent.
Confiteor: ſed tu bis denis grandia libris
Qui ſcribis Priami prœlia, magnus homo es.
Nos facimus Bruti puerum, nos Lagona vivum:
Tu magnus luteum, Gaure, Giganta facis.

LIII. *Ad Quinctum Ovidium.*

SI credis mihi, Quincte (quod mereris)
Natales, Ovidi, tuos Apriles,
Ut noſtras amo Martias Calendas.
Felix utraque lux, dieſque nobis
Signandi melioribus lapillis.
Hic vitam tribuit, ſed hic amicum.
Plus dant, Quincte, mihi tuæ Calendæ.

LIV. *Ad*

Ep. L.

THIS is that coat, ſo often by me ſung,
Upon whoſe praiſe the raptur'd reader hung;
His lordſhip's once; a gift for poet meet;
In which I walk'd reſpected in the ſtreet.
New, and with all its gloſſy honours on,
Worthy its donor, it divinely ſhone.
Now old, a hangman ſcorns it for his fee;
And if it ſhines at all, it ſhines with greaſe.
All things by time, and length of years decline,
Is this his lordſhip's coat? for ſhame! 'tis mine.

Ep. LI.

I AM no genius, you affirm; and why?
Becauſe my verſes pleaſe by brevity.
But you, who twice ten ponderous volumes write
Of mighty battles, are a man of might.
Like Prior's buſt, my work is neat, but ſmall;
Yours like the dirty giants in Guildhall.

Ep. LII.

BELIEVING hear, what you deſerve to hear:
Your birth-day, as my own, to me is dear.
Bleſt, and diſtinguiſh'd days! which we ſhould prize
The firſt, the kindeſt, bounty of the ſkies.
But yours gives moſt; for mine did only lend
Me to the world, yours gave to me a friend.

LIV. *Ad eundem.*

Natali tibi, Quincte, tuo dare parva volebam
Munera. tu prohibes: imperioſus homo es.
Parendum eſt monitis. fiat, quod uterque jubemus;
Et quod utrumque juvat, tu mihi, Quincte, dato.

LV. *Ad cognatum.*

Si mihi Picenâ turdus palleret olivâ,
Tenderet aut noſtras ſylva Sabina plagas;
Aut creſcente levis traheretur arundine præda,
Pinguis & implicitas virga teneret aves:
Cara daret ſollenne tibi cognatio munus,
Nec frater nobis, nec prior eſſet avus.
Nunc ſturnos inopes, fringuillarúmque querelas
Audit, & arguto paſſere vernat ager.
Indè ſalutatus picæ reſpondet arator:
Hinc propè ſumma rapax milvus in aſtra volat.
Mittimus ergo tibi parvæ munuſcula cortis,
Qulia ſi recipis, ſæpe propinquus eris.

LVI, *Ad Flaccum.*

Luce propinquorum, quâ plurima mittitur ales,
Dum Stellæ turdos, dum tibi, Flacce, paro:
Succurrit nobis ingens oneroſáque turba;
In quâ ſe primum quiſque meúmque putat.
Demeruiſſe duos, votum eſt: offendere plures,
Vix tutum: multis mittere dona, grave eſt.
Quâ poſſum ſolâ veniam ratione merebor:
Nec Stellæ turdos, nec tibi, Flacce, dabo.

Ep. LIV.

WHEN I would ſend ſuch trifles as I can;
You ſtop me ſhort; you arbitrary man!
But I ſubmit. Both may our orders give;
And do what both like beſt: let me receive.

Ep. LV.

IF a mew'd quail by accident I had;
Or ſnite or woodcock taken in my glade;
Could I a trout now with my angle get;
Or cover a young partridge with my net;
You couſin ſhould have it ſooner than another,
As ſoon as my own father, or my brother.
But now the fields with chattering magpies ring:
Sparrows and ſwallows now proclaim the ſpring:
Now to the cuckow ſhepherds boys reply:
The thieving kite now ſkims along the ſky.
So that I nothing but a fowl could ſend;
Which if you like, you're always welcome friend.

Ep. LVI.

WHEN Chriſtmas turkeys round in preſents flew;
One I deſign'd for Ned, and one for you,
But moſt unluckily on this occaſion,
Fat turkeys make me friend to half the nation.
Two I would fain oblige; and none offend:
But to give every one there is no end.
I then determine after counſel heard,
That Ned and you muſt go without your bird.

LX. *In Mamurram.*

In ſeptis Mamurra diu multúmque vagatus,
 Hîc ubi Roma ſuas aurea vexat opes,
Inſpexit molles pueros, oculíſque comedit,
 Non hos, quos primæ proſtituere caſæ,
Sed quos arcanæ ſervant tabulata cataſtæ,
 Et quos non populus, nec mea turba videt.
Indè ſatur, menſas, & opertos exuit orbes,
 Expoſitúmque altè pingue popoſcit ebur,
Et teſtudineum menſus quater hexaclinon
 Ingemuit citro non ſatis eſſe ſuo.
Conſuluit nares, an olerent æra Corinthon,
 Culpavit ſtatuas &, Polyclete, tuas,
Et turbata brevi queſtus cryſtallina vitro
 Myrrhina ſignavit ſepoſuítque decem.
Expendit veteres calathos, & ſi qua fuerunt
 Pocula Mentoreâ nobilitata manu;
Et virides picto gemmas numeravit in auro,
 Quidquid & in niveâ grandius aure ſonat.
Sardonychas veros menſâ quæſivit in omni,
 Et pretium magnis fecit iaſpidibus.
Undecimâ laſſus cùm jam diſcederet horâ,
 Aſſe duos calices emit, & ipſe tulit.

Ep. LX.

VAINLOVE the live-long day ſtrolls up and down,
To view the choiceſt rarities in town.
Raviſh'd admires a Ganymede's ſoft mien;
Not ſuch as is at common auctions ſeen;
But an old painting, capital, and rare;
Shewn to the curious, and preſerv'd with care.
Then takes an inlaid table from its caſe:
Searches a china jar, or marble vaſe.
A Turkey carpet meaſures ten times o'er;
And grieves, it is too little for his floor.
Of right japan then judges by his noſe:
In ſtatues dares ſir Andrew's taſte expoſe:
Finds the French ware too much to glaſs allied;
The Dreſden therefore marks, and ſets aſide.
Baſkets of filligrane he then takes up;
By Kent innobled weighs a golden cup.
Numbers the jewels that a ring may bear;
And wants a pendant for a lady's ear;
Looks till he diamonds of true water meets,
And cheapens them, tho' half as big as Pitt's.
At length fatigu'd, the hour of dinner come,
He buys, and bears two glaſs decanters home.

LXXI. *In Cæcilianum.*

DIXERAT, ô MORES! ô TEMPORA! Tullius olim,
Sacrilegum ſtrueret cùm Catilina nefas;
Cùm gener atque ſocer diris concurreret armis,
Mœſtáque civili cæde maderet humus;
Cur nunc, ô MORES! cur nunc, ô TEMPORA! dicis?
Quod tibi non placeat, Cæciliane, quid eſt?
Nulla ducum feritas, nulla eſt inſania ferri;
Pace frui certâ, lætitiáque licet.
Non noſtri faciunt, tua quòd tibi tempora ſordent;
Sed faciunt mores, Cæciliane, tui.

LXXXIV. *In ſutorem.*

DENTIBUS antiquas ſolitus producere pelles,
Et mordere luto putre vetúſque ſolum:
Præneſtina tenes decepti rura patroni,
In quibus indignor ſi tibi cella fuit.
Rumpis & ardenti madidus cryſtalla Falerno,
Et pruris domini cum Ganymede tui.
At me literulas ſtulti docuère parentes:
Quid cum grammaticis, rhetoribúſque mihi?
Frange leves calamos, & ſcinde, Thalia, libellos,
Si dare ſutori calceus iſta poteſt.

LXXIX. *Ad Picentinum.*

FUNERA poſt ſeptem nupſit tibi Galla virorum,
Picentine. ſequi vult puto Galla viros.

LXXXII. *Ad*

Ep. LXXI.

OH! the degenerate age! great Tully cried,
When Catiline deſign'd his parricide:
When kindred chiefs join'd battle on the plain;
Which mourn'd in tears of blood the ſubject ſlain.
Oh! the degenerate age! you loudly chatter!
What is the matter, Sir, what is the matter?
No civil diſcord now: no tyrant's power:
Peaceful and bliſsful paſſes every hour.
If you eſteem the age ſo wicked grown,
Blame not our morals for it, but your own.

Ep. LXXIV.

WHO with your teeth the ſtretching leather drew,
To patch a hole in an old dirty ſhoe;
To you your cheated lord's poſſeſſions fall;
In which you ſcarce deſerve to have a ſtall.
In amorous fits ſucceeding to his laſſes:
And in your drunken frolicks breaking glaſſes.
My learning only proves my father fool:
Why would he ſend me to a grammar ſchool?
Ah! ceaſe my muſe! your works conſign to fire!
If an old ſhoe may ſerve to raiſe us higher.

Ep. LXXIX.

YOUR ſpouſe, who huſbands dear hath buried ſeven,
Stands a bad chance to make the number even.

LXXXII. *Ad Auctum.*

LECTOR & auditor noſtros probat, Aucte, libellos:
Sed quidam exactos eſſe poëta negat.
Non nimiùm curo; nam cœnæ fercula noſtræ
Malim convivis quàm placuiſſe cocis.

LXXXIII. *In Munnam.*

DIXERAT aſtrologus periturum te citò, Munna,
Nec, puto, mentitus dixerat ille tibi;
Nam tu dum metuis, ne quid poſt fata relinquas,
Hauſiſti patrias luxurioſus opes;
Biſque tuum decies non toto tabuit anno:
Dic mihi, non hoc eſt, Munna, perire citò?

LXXXVIII. *Ad Lupercum.*

SEPTEM poſt calices Opimiani
Denſo cùm jaceam triente blæſus,
Affers neſcio quas mihi tabellas,
Et dicis, modò liberum eſſe juſſi
Naſtam; (ſervulus eſt mihi paternus)
Signa. cras meliùs, Luperce, fiet:
Nunc ſignat meus annulus lagenam.

XCIII. *Ad Condylum.*

QUÆ mala ſint domini, quæ ſervi commoda neſcis,
Condyle, qui ſervum te gemis eſſe diu.
Dat tibi ſecuros vilis tegeticula ſomnos:
Pervigil in plumâ Caïus, ecce, jacet.

Caïus

Ep. LXXXII.

My works the reader and the hearer praiſe:
They're not exact; a brother poet ſays:
I heed not him; for when I give a feaſt,
Am I to pleaſe the cook, or pleaſe the gueſt?

Ep. LXXXIII.

True ſpoke the conjurer, when he foretold
Your end, before that twice ſix moons had roll'd.
You took the hint; ſpent your eſtate with care,
For fear of being bubbled by your heir.
Twice ten years income ſpent at once; 'tis clear,
Live e'er ſo long, you cannot live this year.

Ep. LXXXVIII.

When I am half ſeas o'er, and cannot read,
My lawyer brings me a long parchment deed;
Tells me, I promiſed when the term began,
To ſeal a leaſe to Tim, my father's man.
It will be better by to-morrow's light;
I'll touch no wax, but that on corks to-night.

Ep. XCIII.

More eaſe than maſters ſervants lives afford:
Think on that, Tom; nor wiſh to be your lord.
On a coarſe rug you moſt ſecurely ſnore:
Deep ſunk in down he counts each ſleepleſs hour.

Anxious

Caïus à primâ tremebundus luce ſalutat
Tot dominos, at tu, Condyle, nec dominum.
Quod debes, Caï, redde, inquit, Phœbus, & illinc
Cinnamus hoc dicit, Condyle, nemo tibi.
Tortorem metuis? podagrâ, cheragrâque ſecatur
Caïus; & mallet verbera mille pati.
Quod nec manè vomis, nec cunnum, Condyle, lingis,
Non magis, quàm ter Caïus eſſe tuus?

XCV. *De Hippocrate.*

SANTONICA medicata dedit mihi pocula virgâ,
Os hominis! mulſum me rogat Hippocrates.
Tam ſtupidus numquam nec tu puto, Glauce, fuiſti,
Chalcea donanti Chryſea qui dederas.
Dulce aliquis munus pro munere poſcit amaro?
Accipiat, ſed ſi potat in elleboro.

XCVI. *De Athenagorâ.*

ALFICUS antè fuit, cœpit nunc Olficus eſſe,
Uxorem poſtquam duxit Athenagoras.
Nomen Athenagoræ credis, Caliſtrate, verum?
Si ſcio, diſpeream, quis ſit Athenagoras.
Sed puto me verum Calliſtrate, dicere nomen;
Non ego, ſed veſter peccat Athenagoras.

XCVII. *De Herode.*

CLINICUS Herodes trullam ſubduxerat ægro:
Deprenſus dixit; ſtulte, quid ergo bibis?

XCVIII. *Ad*

Anxious betimes to every ſtateſman low
He bows; much lower than to him you bow.
Behold him with a deaf either ear,
'Pray, 'pay, the word; a word you never heard.
Fear you a cudgel? view his gouty ſtaves;
Which he would change for many a broken pate.
You know no morning qualm; no coſtly whore:
Think then, though not a lord, that you are more.

Ep. XCV.

What bleſt aſſurance! when my doctor thought
To get my claret, for his wormwood draught.
Glaucus of old was not a greater aſs,
Who gave his golden arms for arms of braſs.
But I will ſend it; if he will agree
To drink it from the bottle ſent to me.

Ep. XCVI.

Bob's name was Booby, now 'tis Bou—ou—bee:
His wife would not plain Booby be, not ſhe.
If we doubt which is right. and which is wrong,
I ſhall not know, if Bob is Bob, ere long,
I think that Booby is his real name:
If I miſtake; is Bob or I to blame?

Ep. XCVII.

A Quack, who ſtole his patient's cup, did cry,
Caught in the fact, 'What? would you drink, and die?'

Ep. XCVIII.

XCVIII. *Ad Julium.*

RUMPITUR invidiâ quidam, cariſſime Juli,
Quòd me Roma legit, rumpitur invidiâ.
Rumpitur invidiâ, quòd turbâ ſemper in omni
Monſtramur digito, rumpitur invidiâ.
Rumpitur invidiâ, tribuit quòd Cæſar uterque
Jus mihi natorum, rumpitur invidiâ.
Rumpitur invidiâ, quòd rus mihi dulce ſub urbe eſt,
Parváque in urbe domus, rumpitur invidiâ.
Rumpitur invidiâ, quòd ſum jucundus amicis,
Quòd conviva frequens, rumpitur invidiâ.
Rumpitur invidiâ, quòd amamur, quódque probamur.
Rumpatur, quiſquis rumpitur invidiâ.

XCIX. *Ad Quintum Ovidium.*

VINDEMIARUM non ubique proventus
Ceſſavit, Ovidi; pluvia profuit grandis.
Centum Coranus amphoras aquæ fecit.

CI. *Ad librum.*

Tu qui longa potes diſpendia ferre viarum,
I, liber, abſentis pignus amicitiæ.
Vilis eras, fateor, ſi te nunc mitteret emptor;
Grande tui pretium muneris auctor erit.
Multùm, crede mihi, refert, à fonte bibatur
Quæ fluit, an pigro quæ ſtupet unda lacu.

CV. De

Ep. XCVIII.

Burſting with envy is a wretch unknown,
Becauſe my works have taken with the town.
With envy burſting, that the admiring throng
Point to their poet, as they paſs along.
With envy burſting, that by royal grace,
Under my ſovereign, I enjoy a place.
With envy burſting, at my houſe in town,
And at my little box on Banſted Down.
Burſting with envy, that I am careſt
By all my friends, to all a welcome gueſt.
From love, and from eſteem, if envy ſprings;
May he e'en fret his guts to fiddle-ſtrings!

Ep. XCIX.

Pray, don't imagine without reaſon:
The vintage is all loſt this ſeaſon:
The heavy rains, which fell, produce
A hundred pipes for Daſhwell's uſe.

Ep. CI.

My book, a better traveller, I ſend,
To ſhew my honour for an abſent friend.
The value from a bookſeller were ſmall;
The author's preſent is the all in all.
Much better taſtes the water, which you take
From a ſpring-head, than from a ſtanding lake.

CV. *De geminis fratribus.*

Quæ nova tam ſimilis genuit tibi Leda miniſtros?
  Quæ capta eſt cygno nuda Lacæna alio?
Dat faciem Pollux Hiero, dat Caſtor Aſyllo;
  Atque in utroque nitet Tyndaris ore ſoror.
Iſta Therapnæis ſi forma fuiſſet Amyclis,
  Cùm vicere duas dona minora deas;
Manſiſſes Helene; Phrygiámque rediſſet in Idam
  Dardanius gemino cum Ganymede Paris.

Ep. CV.

WHENCE ſo much likeneſs, ſo much ſweetneſs, grew?
To bear theſe twins did Leda's blood agree?
If this is Pollux, that is Caſtor's face:
In both alike there ſhines the ſiſter's grace.
When rivals yielded to the Cyprian queen;
At Sparta's court had ſo much beauty been,
The Phrygian Paris had reverſed his deed,
And leaving Helen, ſtole each Ganymede.

SELECT

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

Liber Decimus.

II. *Liber ad lectorem.*

FESTINATA prior decimi mihi cura libelli
  Elapſum manibus nunc revocavit opus.
Nota leges quædam, ſed limâ raſa recenti:
  Pars nova major erit; lector, utrique fave:
Lector opes noſtræ, quem cùm mihi Roma dediſſet;
  Nil, tibi quod demus, majus habemus, ait.
Pigra per hunc fugies ingratæ flumina Lethes,
  Et meliore tui parte ſuperſtes eris.
Marmora Meſſalæ findit caprificus, & audax
  Dimidios Criſpi mulio ridet equos.
At chartis nec furta nocent, & ſecula proſunt;
  Soláque non nôrunt hæc monumenta mori.

SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

BOOK the TENTH.

Epigram II.

THE verſes in this book too ſoon took air;
My want of care at firſt renew'd my care.
Some, that are old, you here retouch'd will find;
The greater part are new:, to both be kind.
When Fate to me a conſtant reader gave;
Receive, ſhe ſaid, the greateſt boon I have.
By this beyond oblivion's ſtream arrive;
And in your better part by this ſurvive.
Statues may moulder; and the clown unbred
Scoff at young Ammon's horſe without his head.
But finiſh'd writings theft and time defy;
The only monuments, which cannot die.

Ep. III.

III. *Ad Priſcum.*

VERNACULORUM dicta, ſordidum dentem,
Et fœda linguæ probra circulatricis,
Quæ ſulphurato nolit empta ramento
Vatiniorum proxeneta fractorum,
Poëta quidam clancularius ſpargit;
Et vult videri noſtra. credis hoc, Priſce,
Voce ut loquatur pſittacus coturnicis,
Et concupiſcat eſſe Canus aſcaules?
Procul à libellis nigra ſit meis fama,
Quos rumor albâ gemmeus vehit pennâ:
Cur ego laborem notus eſſe tam pravè,
Conſtare gratis cùm ſilentium poſſit?

IV. *Ad Mamurram.*

QUI legis Oedipodem, caligantémque Thyeſten,
Colchidas, & Scyllas, quid niſi monſtra legis?
Quid tibi raptus Hylas, quid Parthenopæus, & Atys?
Quid tibi dormitor proderit Endymion?
Exutúſve puer pennis labentibus? aut qui
Odit amatrices Hermaphroditus aquas?
Quid te vana juvant miſeræ ludibria chartæ?
Hoc lege, quod poſſit dicere vita, meum eſt.
Non hìc Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiáſque
Invenies: hominem pagina noſtra ſapit.
Sed non vis, Mamurra, tuos cognoſcere mores,
Nec te ſcire: legas *αἴτια* Callimachi.

Ep. III.

The porter's joke, the chairman's low conceit,
The dirty ſtyle of angry billingſgate,
Such as a ſtroling tinker would not uſe,
Nor hawker of old cloaths, or dreadful news,
A certain poet privately diſperſes,
And fain would fob them off for Martial's verſes.
Will then the parrot ſteal the raven's note?
At country wakes Italians ſtrain their throat?
Far from my writings be th' envenom'd lye:
My name on purer wings ſhall mount the ſky.
Rather than ſtrive an evil fame to own,
Cannot I hold my tongue, and die unknown?

Ep. IV.

Who reads of Oedipus or Scylla now,
As well may read of Warwick's monſtrous cow.
Leave all the ſtories of a cock and bull,
Which you in Ovid find, to boys at ſchool.
From idle tales what pleaſure will remain?
Read for to live; all reading elſe is vain.
Never on monſters my invention ran;
My every page an eſſay is on man.
If you diſlike your ſelf at all to know;
Proceed in your romance, transſported beau.

Ep. VIII.

VIII. *De Paullâ.*

NUBERE Paulla cupit nobis, ego ducere Paullam
Nolo: anus eſt. vellem, ſi magis eſſet anus.

XI. *In Calliodorum.*

NIL aliud loqueris, quàm Theſea, Pirithoümque,
Téque putas Pyladi, Calliodore, parem.
Diſpeream, ſi tu Pyladi præſtare matellam
Dignus es, aut porcos paſcere Pirithoi.
Donavi tamen, inquis, amico millia quinque,
Et lotam (ut multùm) terque quaterque togam.
Quid! quòd nil unquam Pyladi donavit Oreſtes?
Qui donat quamvìs plurima, plura negat.

XIII. *Ad Tuccam.*

CUM cathedralicios portet tibi rheda miniſtros,
Et Libys in longo pulvere ſudet eques;
Stratáque non unas cingant triclinia Baias,
Et Thetis unguento palleat uncta tuo;
Candida Setini rumpant cryſtalla trientes,
Dormiat in plumâ nec meliore Venus:
Ad nocturna jaces faſtoſæ limina mœchæ,
Et madet (heu) lacrymis janua ſurda tuis;
Urere nec miſerum ceſſant ſuſpiria pectus.
Vis dicam, malè ſit cur tibi, Tucca? bene eſt.

Ep. VIII.

Me would the widow wed: ſhe's old, ſay I:
But if ſhe older were, I would comply.

Ep. XI.

Pirithous his name you oft repeat;
And equal Pylades in your conceit.
Not fit to fill to Pylades his wine;
Not fit to feed Pirithous his ſwine.
Once, as you boaſt, you gave your friend a note
For fifty ſhillings; twice an old ſcour'd coat.
True; you than Pylades more preſents make:
He never gave, he let Oreſtes take.

Ep. XIII.

Although your berlin always moves in ſtate;
And a long train on horſeback with it ſweat;
Although your houſe, in many an airy room,
Receives a flowery garden's rich perfume;
Although your glaſs ſparkle with burgundy;
No dutcheſs on a ſofter bed can lie;
You for a paltry actreſs ſigh in vain,
Stung to the heart whole nights by her diſdain.
Little you gueſs, ſweet Sir, what 'tis doth teaze ye;
An eaſy fortune makes you thus uneaſy.

XIV. *Ad Criſpum.*

Cedere de noſtris nulli te dicis amicis.
Sed ſit ut hoc verum, quid, rogo Criſpe, facis?
Mutua cùm peterem ſeſtertia quinque, negâſti:
Non caperet nummos cùm gravis arca tuos.
Quando fabæ nobis modium farriſve dediſti,
Cùm tua Niliacus rura colonus aret?
Quando brevis gelidæ miſſa eſt toga tempore brumæ?
Argenti venit quando ſelibra mihi?
Nil aliud video, quo te credamus amicum,
Quàm quòd me coram pedere, Criſpe, ſoles.

XVIII. *De Mario.*

Nec vocat ad cœnam Marius, nec munera mittit,
Nec ſpondet, nec vult credere, ſed nec habet.
Turba tamen non deeſt, ſterilem quæ curet amicum.
Eheu quàm fatuæ ſunt tibi, Roma, togæ!

XXI. *Ad Sextum.*

Scribere te, quæ vix intelligat ipſe Modeſtus,
Et vix Claranus, quid rogo, Sexte, juvat?
Non lectore tuis opus eſt, ſed Apolline libris:
Judice te major Cinna Marone fuit.
Sic tua laudentur: ſanè mea carmina, Sexte,
Grammaticis placeant, & ſinè Grammaticis.

Ep. XIV.

You ſay, I have no better friend than you:
What do you do, to make me think it true?
I wanted but five pounds, which you deny;
Though you have uſeleſs thouſands lying by.
From all the fertile harveſts of your plain,
When did you ſend to me one ſingle grain?
When a ſhort cloak, to guard me from the cold?
To line my purſe, when a ſmall piece of gold?
I ſee no mark of friendſhip on your part;
But, before me you are free enough to fart.

Ep. XVIII.

No dinners! preſents! he is no man's bail!
He cannot lend, becauſe his riches fail!
Yet crowds attend his future power and grace.
For fools of all ſorts London is the place.

Ep. XXI.

What pleaſure is it, that your writings are
Almoſt too hard for Bentley or for Hare?
You write not to be read, but criticiſ'd:
Perſius you follow; Virgil is deſpis'd.
This be your praiſe: but may my every line,
Or with a comment, or without it ſhine.

XXIII. *De M. Antonio.*

JAM numerat placido felix Antonius ævo
  Quindecies actas Primus Olympiadas:
Præteritóſque dies, & tutos reſpicit annos:
  Nec metuit Lethes jam propioris aquas.
Nulla recordanti lux eſt ingrata, graviſque:
  Nulla ſubit, cujus non meminiſſe velit.
Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus: hoc eſt
  Vivere bis, vitâ poſſe priore frui.

XXXII. *De imagine Marci Antonii, ad Cæditianum.*

HÆC mihi quæ colitur violis pictura, roſiſque,
  Quos referat vultus, Cæditiane, rogas?
Talis erat Marcus mediis Antonius annis
  Primus: in hôc juvenem ſe videt ore ſenex.
Ars utinam mores, animúmque effingere poſſet!
  Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

XXXIII. *Ad Munatium Gallum.*

SIMPLICIOR priſcis, Munati Galle, Sabinis,
  Cecropium ſuperas qui bonitate ſenem;
Sic tibi conſoceri claros retinere Penates
  Perpetuâ natæ det face caſta Venus:
Ut tu, ſi viridi tinctos ærugine verſus
  Fortè malus livor dixerit eſſe meos,
Ut facis, à nobis abigas: nec ſcribere quemquam
  Talia contendas carmina, qui legitur.
Hunc ſervare modum noſtri novere libelli;
  Parcere perſonis, dicere de vitiis.

Ep. XXIII.

His lordſhip is arriv'd at ſeventy-five,
With all the eaſe and comfort life can give.
Safe from the voyage of a length of years,
Looks back with joy; nor death approaching fears.
Not one of all his days can irkſome find:
Not one, but he with pleaſure calls to mind.
Thus a good man prolongs his mortal date;
Lives twice, enjoying thus his former ſtate.

Ep. XXXII.

This picture ſee! on which no coſt I ſpare;
But ſet in gold, and in my ſnuff-box wear.
At twenty-one ſuch was lord Worthy's face;
Who, now grey-hair'd, here views what once he was.
Could but the piece his mind and morals ſhew;
'Twould choicer be than Raphael ever drew.

Ep. XXXIII.

Blest with the morals of a former age,
In goodneſs paſſing the Athenian ſage,
May your fair daughter's virtues fix her ſpouſe,
And his allies faſt friends unto your houſe,
If when you meet a malice-tinctur'd line,
And ſlandering Fame report that it is mine,
You vindicate your friend; and boldly plead,
I ne'er compoſe, what 'tis a ſhame to read:
For in my writings 'tis my conſtant care,
To laſh the vices, but the perſons ſpare.

XXXVI. *In Munnam.*

IMPROBA Maſſiliæ quidquid fumaria cogunt,
Accipit ætatem quiſquis ab igne cadus,
A te, Munna, venit: miſeris tu mittis amicis
Per freta, per longas toxica ſæva vias;
Nec facili pretio, ſed quo contenta Falerni
Teſta ſit, aut cellis Setia cara ſuis.
Non venias quare tam longo tempore Romam,
Hæc, puto, cauſa tibi eſt; ne tua vina bibas.

XXXVIII. *Ad Calenum.*

O molles tibi quindecim, Calene,
Quos cum Sulpiciâ tuâ jugales
Indulſit deus & peregit annos:
O nox omnis & hora, quæ notata eſt
Caris litoris Indici lapillis!
O quæ prælia, quas utrimque pugnas
Felix lectulus, & lucerna vidit
Nimbis ebria Nicerotianis!
Vixiſti tribus, ô Calene, luſtris;
Ætas hæc tibi tota computatur,
Et ſolos numeras dies mariti.
Ex illis tibi ſi diu rogatam
Lucem redderet Atropos vel unam,
Malles, quàm Pyliam quater ſenectam.

Ep. XXXVI.

All the worſt cyder Hereford could make,
Mixt up, and boil'd, for taſte and colour's ſake,
A hundred miles you by the carrier ſend:
Have you a mind to poiſon every friend?
And make us pay ſuch monſtrous prices for't,
It dearer comes than Malaga or Port.
Perhaps you now have been ſo long from town,
For fear of drinking cyder, once your own.

Ep. XXXVIII.

Twice ſeven years, and one above it,
You have been yok'd with Mrs. Lovet.
A heavenly bleſſing ſuch a wife!
You muſt have led a charming life!
Oh! happy days! in which no hour
You can forget in twenty-four.
What nights! ſtill ſpent in curtain-lecture!
What ſtruggling, who ſhould be director!
What bleſt debates! which oft have laſted,
Until the candle quite was waſted.
The number of your years I ween,
Don't even now exceed fifteen:
I count not thoſe, which time did give;
But thoſe, you felt yourſelf alive.
And if, like theſe, Fate add one more;
That one may ſeem to you fourſcore.

XLIII. *Philerotem.*

SEPTIMA jam, Phileros, tibi conditur uxor in agro,
Plus nulli, Phileros, quàm tibi reddit ager.

XLIV. *Ad Q. Ovidium.*

QUINTE Caledonios Ovidi viſure Britannos,
Et viridem Tethyn, Oceanúmque patrem:
Ergo Numæ colles, & Nomentana relinquis
Otia? nec retinet rúſque focúſque ſenem?
Gaudia tu differs: at non & ſtamina differt
Atropos, atque omnis ſcribitur hora tibi.
Præſtiteris caro (quis non hoc laudet?) amico,
Ut potior vitâ ſit tibi ſancta fides.
Sed reddare tuis tandem manſure Sabinis,
Téque tuas numeres inter amicitias.

XLVIII. *Parat convivium.*

NUNCIAT octavam Phariæ ſua turba juvencæ,
Et pilata redit jámque, ſubítque cohors.
Temperat hæc thermas, nimios prior hora vapores
Halat, & immodico ſexta Nerone calet.
Stella, Nepos, Cani, Cerealis, Flacce, venitis?
Septem ſigma capit, ſex ſumus, adde Lupum.
Exoneraturas ventrem mihi villica malvas
Attulit, & varias, quas habet hortus, opes.

Ep. XLIII.

SEVEN wives! and in one grave! there is not found
On the whole globe a richer ſpot of ground.

Ep. XLIV.

Do you an India voyage then deſign?
And twice to croſs the Tropic and the Line?
In your old age quit Paul's and Harrow ſpire?
A chearful houſe, and comfortable fire?
Poſtpone not life: life ſtill is poſting on:
And makes you debtor for each moment gone.
A noble proof of friendſhip you afford,
Who hold your life leſs ſacred than your word.
Soon to your friends return! and in your breaſt
Leave for your ſelf a place amongſt the reſt.

Ep. XLVIII.

THE clock ſtrikes two: now every powder'd ſpark
Sallies ſelf-ſatisfied into the Park.
From one to two himſelf he did peruſe:
From twelve to one his chocolate and news.
At three preciſely I ſhall dine at home;
Will, Jack, and Tom, and Dick, and you will come:
That makes us ſix; I have one place to ſpare;
Bring Ned; and liſten to your bill of fare.
A wholſome ſallad will adorn the board,
Luxurious, as my garden will afford.

In quibus eſt lactuca ſedens, & ſectile porrum :
Nec deeſt ructatrix mentha, nec herba ſalax.
Secta coronabunt rutatos ova lacertos,
Et medium thynni de ſale ſumen erit.
Parvus in his unâ ponetur cœnula menſâ,
Hœdus inhumani raptus ab ore lupi.
Et, quæ non egeant ferro ſtructoris Ofellæ;
Et faba fabrorum, prototomique rudes.
Pullus ad hæc, cœniſque tribus jam perna ſuperſtes
Addetur : ſaturis mitia poma dabo.
De Nomentanâ vinum ſinè fæce lagenâ,
Quæ bis Frontino conſule plena fuit.
Accedent ſinè felle joci, nec manè timenda
Libertas, & nil quod tacuiſſe velis.
De Praſino conviva meus, Venetóque loquatur;
Nec facient quemquam pocula noſtra reum.

LI. *Ad Fauſtinum.*

SIDERA jam Tyrius Phryxei reſpicit agni
Taurus, & alternum Caſtora fugit hyems.
Ridet ager, veſtitur humus, veſtitur & arbos;
Iſmarium pellex Attica plorat Ityn.
Quos, Fauſtine, dies, qualem tibi Roma Ravennam
Abſtulit ? ô ſoles, ô tunicata quies !
O nemus, ô fontes, ſolidúmque madentis arenæ
Litus, & æquoreis ſplendidus Anxur aquis :
Et non unius ſpectator lectulus undæ,
Qui videt hinc puppes fluminis, indè maris !

Sed

The lettuce cooling; leakes that claim the knife;
Mint good for wine; and rocket for the wife;
Parſnips with eggs ſhall hide a ſalted fiſh;
Delicious pickled pork, another diſh.
Lamb, which perhaps you'll think is better meat;
A morſel, Reynard had a mind to eat.
Cutlets, which want no carving till they're cold;
The youngeſt ſprouts; and beans that are too old.
Fowl, and a ham that thrice appear'd before,
Ripe nonpareils for thoſe, who wiſh for more.
Parſons his ſtout (I entertain with beer)
Brew'd when Lord Mayor elect the ſecond year.
No dangerous ſecret; no ill-natur'd jeſt;
No freedoms, which next day will break your reſt;
But tales of betts the laſt Newmarket ſeaſon;
None of my friends ſhall in his cups talk treaſon.

Ep. LI.

Now the gay hours to meet the Pleiads run;
And Winter flies before the vernal ſun;
Now ſmiles new-clad the woodland and the plain;
And plaintive Philomel renews her ſtrain;
What happy days the town now ſteals from Kent!
There in pure air and eaſe unformal ſpent!
Think on your grove, your fountains, Dover's ſtrands,
And o'er the waves her high commanding lands;
Which to your bed a double view afford,
Of ſhips at ſea, and ſhips in harbour moor'd.

Sed neque Marcelli, Pompeianúmque, nec illic
  Sunt triplices thermæ: nec fora juncta quater:
Nec Capitolini ſummum penetrale Tonantis,
  Quæque nitent cœlo proxima templa ſuo.
Dicere te laſſum quoties ego credo Quirino?
  Quæ tua ſunt, tibi habe: quæ mea, redde mihi.

LXII. *Ad magiſtrum ludi.*

Ludi magiſter, parce ſimplici turbæ:
Sic te frequentes audiant capillati,
Et delicatæ diligat chorus menſæ:
Nec calculator, nec notarius velox
Majore quiſquam circulo coronetur.
Albæ leone flammeo calent luces,
Toſtámque fervens Julius coquit meſſem.
Cirrata loris horridis Scythæ pellis,
Quâ vapulavit Marſyas Celenæus,
Ferulæque triſtes, ſceptra pædagogorum,
Ceſſent, & Idus dormiant in Octobres:
Æſtate pueri ſi valent, ſatis diſcunt.

LXIII. *Epi-*

What, though there be no crouded theater;
No ſenate, and no courts of juſtice there;
No palace, where our honour'd monarch lies;
No Paul's with gilded croſs invade the ſkies;
I ſeem to hear you thus reproach the town:
'Keep to yourſelf your things; give me my own.

Ep. LXII.

Thou monarch of eight parts of ſpeech,
Who ſweep with birch a youngſter's breech,
Oh! now awhile withold your hand!
So may the trembling crop-hair'd band
Around your deſk attentive hear;
And pay you love inſtead of fear:
So may yours ever be as full,
As writing or as dancing ſchool.
The ſcorching dog-day is begun;
The harveſt roaſting in the ſun:
Each Bridewell keeper, though requir'd
To uſe the laſh, is too much tir'd.
Let ferula and rod together
Lie dormant, till the froſty weather.
Boys do improve enough in reaſon,
Who miſs a fever in this ſeaſon.

Ep. LXIII.

LXIII. *Epitaphium nobilis matronæ.*

Marmora parva quidem, ſed non ceſſura, viator,
Mauſoli ſaxis Pyramidúmque legis.
Bis mea Romano ſpectata eſt vita Terento,
Et nihil extremos perdidit ante rogos.
Quinque dedit pueros, totidem mihi Juno puellas,
Clauſerunt omnes lumina noſtra manus.
Contigit & thalami mihi gloria rara, fuitque
Una pudicitiæ mentula nota meæ.

LXX. *Ad Potitum.*

Quod mihi vix unus toto liber exeat anno,
Deſidiæ tibi ſum, docte Potite, reus.
Juſtiùs at quantó mirere, quòd exeat unus,
Labantur toti cùm mihi ſæpe dies.
Nunc reſalutantes video nocturnus amicos:
Gratulor & multis; nemo, Potite, mihi.
Nunc ad luciferam ſignat mea gemma Dianam:
Nunc me prima ſibi, nunc ſibi quinta rapit.
Nunc conſul, prætórve tenet, reducéſque choreæ:
Auditur toto ſæpe poëta die.
Sed nec cauſidico poſſis impunè negare;
Nec ſi te rhetor, grammaticúſve rogent:
Balnea poſt decimam laſſo, centúmque petuntur
Quadrantes. fiet quando, Potite, liber?

LXXIV. *Ad Romam.*

Jam parce laſſo, Roma, gratulatori,
Laſſo clienti: quamdiu ſalutator
Ante-

Ep. LXIII.

By this ſmall ſtone as great remains are hid,
As ſleep in an Egyptian pyramid.
Here lies a matron, for her years rever'd,
Who through them all with ſpotleſs honour ſteer'd.
Five ſons, as many daughters, nature gave,
Who drop'd their pious tears into her grave;
Nor her leaſt glory, though too rarely known,
One man ſhe held moſt dear, and one alone.

Ep. LXX.

That ſcarce a piece I publiſh in a year:
Idle perhaps to you I may appear,
But rather, that I write at all, admire,
When I am often robbed of days entire.
Now with my friends the evening I muſt ſpend:
To thoſe preferr'd my compliments muſt ſend.
Now at the witneſſing a will make one;
Hurried from this to that, my morning's gone;
Some office muſt attend, or elſe ſome ball;
Or elſe my lawyer's ſummons to the hall;
Now a rehearſal, now a concert hear,
And now a latin play at Weſtminſter.
Home after ten return, quite tir'd and doz'd.
When is the piece, you want, to be compos'd?

Ep. LXXIV.

Tir'd with the town, too much of life I've ſpent,
In formal levees, and dull compliment.

Anteambulones, & togatulos inter
Centum merebor plumbeos die toto?
Cùm Scorpus unâ quindecim graves horâ
Ferventis auri victor auferat ſaccos:
Non ego meorum præmium libellorum,
(Quid enim merentur?) Apulos velim campos.
Non Hybla, non me ſpicifer capit Nilus;
Nec quæ paludes delicata Pomptinas
Ex arce clivi ſpectat uva Setini.
Quid concupiſcam, quæris ergo? dormire.

LXXVI. *De Mævio.*

Hoc, fortuna, tibi videtur æquum?
Civis non Syriæve, Parthiæve,
Nec de Cappadocis eques catastis,
Sed de plebe Remi, Numæque verna,
Jucundus, probus, innocens, amicus,
Linguâ doctus utrâque; cujus unum eſt,
Sed magnum vitium, quòd eſt poeta;
Pullo Mævius alget in cucullo:
Cocco mulio fulget Incitatus.

LXXIX. *De Torquato & Otacilio.*

Ad lapidem Torquatus habet prætoria quartum:
  Ad quartum breve rus emit Otacilius.
Torquatus nitidas varia de marmore thermas
  Exſtruxit: cucumam fecit Otacilius.

Diſpoſuit

For long attendance what reward we meet!
A word! at moſt a dinner from the great!
One hour to Figg did greater gains afford,
Much greater, for a flouriſh of his ſword.
Were I to pay the labours of my muſe;
(Small her deſert) not Chelſea fields I'd chuſe;
Nor Hybla's honey; nor Arabia's ſpice;
Nor pleaſant gardens, hung on Highgate's riſe,
O'erlooking Hackney-marſhes fed with ſheep.
Aſk you, what is it then I want?——to ſleep.

Ep. LXXVI.

Oh! Fortune! is your juſtice loſt?
Behold this man, no knight o' th' poſt:
Who is no alien, French, or Swiſs:
But Engliſhman, and Cockney is:
Pleaſant, ſincere, good-natur'd, meek,
Well ſkill'd in latin and in greek:
Who hath no individual crime,
But that he is poſſeſt with rhyme.
Should he, half ſtarv'd, wear ſhabby black?
When grooms have gold upon their back.

Ep. LXXIX.

Four miles from town his lordſhip's buildings ſtand:
So does Tom's cottage with a bit of land.
A marble green-houſe lately built my lord:
Tom for his flowers erects a ſhed of board.

His

Diſpoſuit daphnona ſuo Torquatus in agro;
Caſtaneas centum ſevit Otacilius.
Conſul Torquatus, vici fuit ille magiſter;
Nec minor in tanto viſus honore ſibi.
Grandis ut exiguam bos ranam ruperat olim;
Sic, puto, Torquatus rumpet Otacilium.

LXXX. *De Erote.*

PLORAT Eros, quoties maculoſæ pocula myrrhæ
Inſpicit, aut pueros, nobiliúſve citrum.
Et gemitus imo ducit de pectore, quòd non
Tota miſer coëmat ſepta, ferátque domum.
Quàm multi faciunt, quod Eros, ſed lumine ſicco!
Pars major lacrymas ridet, & intus habet.

LXXXII. *Ad Gallum.*

SI quid noſtra tuis adicit vexatio rebus,
Manè, vel à mediâ nocte togatus ero.
Stridentéſque feram flatus Aquilonis iniqui,
Et patiar nimbos, excipiámque nives.
Sed ſi non fias quadrante beatior uno,
Per gemitus noſtros, ingenuáſque cruces:
Parce, procor, laſſo, vanóſque remitte labores,
Qui tibi non proſunt, & mihi, Galle, nocent.

LXXXV. *De Ladonte nautâ.*

JAM ſenior Ladon Tiberinæ nauta carinæ
Proxima dilectis rura paravit aquis.

Quæ

His park with oaks his lordſhip planted round;
Tom put a hundred acorns in the ground.
My lord was treaſurer: Tom overſeer;
As great, in his opinion, as the peer.
As the ox burſt the frog, (ſo fables ſpeak)
Aping my lord, I fear poor Tom will break.

Ep. LXXX.

At Chenevix' poor little maſter cries,
When boxes, ſeals, and rings, and dolls he ſpies;
And from his ſoul ſincereſt ſorrows come,
That he can't buy the room, and bear it home.
How many with dry eyes act maſter's part?
And, when they ſmile, for trifles ſob at heart.

Ep. LXXXII.

If your affairs my diligence could mend,
Early and late I ready would attend:
Expos'd to ſtorms, when angry winds do blow;
And on my breaſt receive the driving ſnow.
But if you not one farthing happier are,
By my fatigue, and by my generous care;
Spare one worn out, oh! ſpare a labour vain,
Which helps not you, but gives me real pain.

Ep. LXXXV.

A worn-out ſailor, charm'd with Deptford ſtrand,
Cloſe to the river bought a piece of land.

The

Quæ cùm ſæpe vagus premeret torrentibus undis,
  Tybris, & hyberno rumperet arva lacu:
Emeritam puppim, ripâ quæ ſtabat in altâ,
  Implevit ſaxis, oppoſuítque vadis.
Sic nimias avertit aquas. quis credere poſſet?
  Auxilium domino merſa carina tulit.

C. *In commiſcentem verſus operi ſuo.*

Quid, ſtulte, noſtris verſibus tuos miſces?
Cum litigante quid tibi, miſer, libro?
Quid congregare cum leonibus vulpes,
Aquilíſque ſimiles facere noctuas quæris?
Habeas licebit alterum pedem Ladæ,
Inepte, fruſtra crure ligneo curres.

CI. *De Capitolino.*

Elysio redeat ſi fortè remiſſus ab agro
  Ille ſuo felix Cæſare Galba vetus;
Qui Capitolinum pariter, Galbámque jocantes
  Audierit: dicet, ruſtice Galba, tace.

CIII. *Ad municipes ſuos Bilbilitanos.*

Municipes, Auguſta mihi quos Bilbilis acri
  Monte creat, rapidus quàm Salo cingit aquis;
Ecquid læta juvat veſtri vos gloria vatis?
  Nam decus & nomen, famáque veſtra ſumus.
Nec ſua plus debet tenui Verona Catullo,
  Méque velit dici non minùs illa ſuum.

Quatuor

The winter tides prevail'd againſt the mound;
And in ſtrong torrents overflow'd his ground.
His caſt-off bark, which luckily lay near,
He fill'd with ſtones, converted to a pier,
And ſtop'd the breach: and, who would have believ'd't?
That a ſunk ſhip a tar's affairs retriev'd.

Ep. C.

Fool that you are to mix your verſe with mine;
Of theft indicted by each other line.
To herd with lions will the fox delight?
Eagles reſemblance bear to birds of night?
Can you expect to run with one leg good,
When you another have, which is of wood?

Ep. CI.

Could witty Rocheſter return again,
With jokes his merry prince to entertain;
And he and you could with the monarch ſit;
He'd ſilence Rocheſter for want of wit.

Ep. CIII.

My friends, who round mount Caburn do abide,
Drink Lewes' ſtream, or o'er her carpet ride;
Are you not anxious for your poet's fame?
His honours yours, and yours his deathleſs name.
Much Twick'nam owes to Pope: now he is gone,
May you not wiſh ſome poet for your own?

Quatuor acceſſit tricеſima meſſibus æſtas,
    Ut ſinè me Cereri ruſtica liba datis.
Mœnia dum colimus dominæ pulcherrima Romæ,
    Mutavere meas Itala regna comas.
Excipitis reducem placidâ ſi mente, venimus;
    Aſpera ſi geritis corda, redire licet.

You without me, now thirty years at leaſt,
In ſocial mirth enjoy your Chriſtmas feaſt.
While in this fair metropolis we ſtay,
Our hairs, alas! (as ſoon you'll ſee) are grey.
If well receiv'd, with you will we remain:
If not; a chaiſe conveys us back again.

N. B. The 47th and 96th by Cowley.

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

LIBER UNDECIMUS.

I.

QUO tu, quò, liber ocioſe, tendis,
Cultus Sindone non quotidianâ?
Numquid Parthenium videre? certè.
Vadas, & redeas inevolutus.
Libros non legit ille, ſed libellos:
Nec Muſis vacat, aut ſuis vacaret.
Ecquid te ſatìs æſtimas beatum,
Contingunt tibi ſi manus minores?
Vicini pete porticum Quirini:
Turbam non habet otioſiorem
Pompeius, vel Agenoris puella,
Vel primæ dominus levis carinæ.

Sunt

SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

Book the Eleventh.

Epigram I.

WHITHER, ah! whither, idle Muſe,
Stray you from Dodſley's ſhop ſo ſpruce?
To miniſter of high condition,
Leſs us'd to poem, than petition?
By him received, you may lie ſtill,
With that, or with a tradeſman's bill.
Or if to verſe he ſhould incline;
More to his own, perhaps, than mine.
Are you content to lie on ſtall,
A common proſtitute to all?
Go then, and catch ſome loitering beau,
Whilſt he is walking to and fro;

Who

Sunt illic duo, tréſve, qui revolvant
Noſtrarum tineas ineptiarum:
Sed cùm ſponſio, fabulæque laſſæ
De Scorpo fuerint, & Incitato.

XXXII. *In Cæcilianum.*

Atreus Cæcilius concurbitarum
Sic illas quaſi filios Thyeſtæ
In partes lacerat, ſecátque mille.
Guſtu protinus has edes in ipſo,
Has primâ feret alterâve cœnâ;
Has cœnâ tibi tertiâ reponet.
Hinc feras epidipnidas parabit;
Hinc piſtor fatuas facit placentas;
Hinc & multiplices ſtruit tabellas;
Et notas caryotidas theatris:
Hinc exit varium coco minutal,
Ut lentem poſitam fabámque credas:
Boletos imitatur, & botellos,
Et caudam cybii, brevéſque mænas:
Hinc cellarius experitur artes,
Ut condat vario vafer ſapore
In rutæ folium capellianæ,
Sic implet gabatas, paropſidáſque,
Et leves ſcutulas, caváſque lances.
Hoc lautum putat, hoc putat venuſtum,
Unum ponere ferculis tot aſſem.

Who in the playhouſes delights,
Or Tom's, or Cocoa-tree, or White's.
How few will take from mice their due!
Nor will your follies by theſe few
Be told; but when their ſtories flag
Of ſome new bet, or running nag.

Ep. XXXII.

Thou Atreus of a cucumber,
Which, like Thyeſtes' ſons, you tear,
And in ten thouſand pieces ſlice;
And in ten thouſand ways diſguiſe.
This in your ſoup at firſt you uſe:
And this in every courſe produce.
Hence your confectioner ſtill takes
His jellies, ſweetmeats, and his cakes;
Decking his diſhes in a row
Of high-raiſed pyramids for ſhow.
Your cook from this hath found the means,
To furniſh us with peaſe and beans;
And by his magic art create
A muſhroom, ſauſage, cod, or ſcate.
Your houſe-keeper, as far as can go
Her ſeaſoning art, turns this to mango.
Thus you, who fill by this device
Your diſhes of all ſorts and ſize,
Would modiſh and polite be thought
By ſerving up one ſingle groat.

XXXV. *De Apro*

ÆDES emit Aper, ſed quas nec noctua vellet
  Eſſe ſuas: adeò nigra, vetúſque caſa eſt.
Vicinos illi nitidus Maro poſſidet hortos.
  Cœnabit bellè, non habitabit Aper.

XXXVI. *Ad Fabullum.*

IGNOTOS mihi cùm voces trecentos,
Quare non veniam vocatus à te,
Miraris, quereríſque, litigáſque.
Solus cœno, Fabulle, non libenter.

XL. *In Charidemum.*

CUNARUM fueras motor, Charideme, mearum;
  Et pueri cuſtos, aſſiduúſque comes.
Jam mihi nigreſcunt tonſâ ſudaria barbâ,
  Et queritur labris puncta puella meis.
Sed tibi non crevi: te noſter villicus horret:
  Te diſpenſator, te domus ipſa pavet.
Ludere nec nobis, nec tu permittis amare:
  Nil mihi vis, & vis cuncta licere tibi.
Corripis, obſervas, quereris, ſuſpiria ducis;
  Et vix à ferulis abſtinet ira manum.
Si Tyrios ſumpſi cultus, unxíve capillos;
  Exclamas, numquam fecerat iſta pater.
Et numeras noſtros adſtrictâ fronte trientes,
  Tanquam de cellâ ſit cadus ille tuâ.
Deſine: non poſſum libertum ferre Catonem.
  Eſſe virum jam me dicet amica tibi.

Ep. XXXV.

Jack buys an ancient cottage, diſmal, foul,
And ſcarce a decent harbour for an owl,
Near to an hoſpitable neighbour's ſeat.
Jack will not lodge ſo well as he will eat.

Ep. XXXVI.

That I your invitation ſhould decline,
Why do you wonder? why do you repine?
When hundreds you invite to me unknown:
I do not chooſe, dear friend, to dine alone.

Ep. XL.

You were for ever by my infant ſide;
My guardian, my companion, and my guide.
The razor now grows blunt, againſt my beard;
And every girl complains that it is hard.
With you I am but little maſter ſtill:
And all my ſervants tremble at your will.
To game, or to intrigue, I muſt not dare:
All things to you, to me none, lawful are.
You check, remark, complain, and cry 'Good God!
And in your paſſion ſcarce forbear the rod.
If my toupee, or velvet, I put on;
You ſay, Oh! how unlike your father gone!
You count each bumper with a ſerious look;
As if from your own vault the wine I took.
Such cenſor I no longer ſuffer can;
Pray, aſk my maid, if I am not a man.

XLV. *Ad ſenem orbum*

ORBUS es, & locuples, & Bruto conſule natus;
Eſſe tibi veras credis amicitias?
Sunt veræ: ſed quas juvenis, quas pauper habebas.
Qui novus eſt, mortem diligit ille tuam.

LVI. *De Lupo, ad Urbicum.*

HORTATUR fieri quòd te Lupus, Urbice, patrem;
Ne credas. nihil eſt, quod minùs ille velit.
Ars eſt captandi, quod nolis, velle videri:
Ne facias optat, quod rogat ut facias.
Dicat prægnantem tua ſe Coſconia tantùm:
Pallidior fiet jam pariente Lupus.
At tu conſilio videaris ut uſus amici;
Sic morere, ut factum te putet eſſe patrem.

LVII. *In Chæremonem.*

QUOD nimiùm laudas, Chæremon Stoïce, mortem,
Vis animum mirer ſuſpiciámque tuum.
Hanc tibi virtutem fractâ facit urceus anſâ,
Et triſtis nullo qui tepet igne focus.
Et teges & cimex, & nudi ſponda grabati,
Et brevis atque eadem nocte diéque toga.
O quàm magnus homo es, qui fæce rubentis aceti,
Et ſtipulâ, & nigro pane carere potes!
Leuconicis agedum tumeat tibi culcita lanis;
Conſtringatque tuos purpura pexa toros;

Dormiet

Ep. XLV.

Childless, and rich, and born in Charles's reign,
Can you expect that cordial friends remain?
If ſuch; they are, whom young and poor you found:
The new will love you only under ground.

Ep. LVI.

Ned prays, that heaven may you with iſſue bleſs;
Believe him not: nothing he wiſhes leſs.
To wiſh what he diſlikes is fawning art:
And when he ſpeaks, his tongue belies his heart.
Let but your lady feel a breeding throe,
Ned will look pale, as he were breeding too.
Yet with a friend's deſire ſo far comply;
That he may think you did not childleſs die.

Ep. LVII.

When you too ſtoically ſcorn the grave,
You want me to admire a ſoul ſo brave.
A broken pot this virtue doth inſpire:
A diſmal chimney ever void of fire:
A louſy rug; a bed of blankets bare:
And but one jacket for all ſeaſons wear.
Oh! the great man! that can a mat reſign;
A hard brown cruſt; and dregs of acid wine.
In downy eaſe let me ſuppoſe you laid,
With crimſon damaſk curtains round your bed;

Dormiat & tecum, qui, cùm modò Cæcuba miſcet,
　Convivas roſeo torſerat ore, puer:
O quàm tu cupies ter vivere Neſtoris annos,
　Et nihil ex ullâ perdere luce voles!
Rebus in anguſtis facile eſt contemnere vitam;
　Fortiter ille facit, qui miſer eſſe poteſt.

LX. *De Charino.*

Senos Charinus omnibus digitis gerit,
　Nec nocte ponit, annulos;
Nec cùm lavatur. cauſa quæ ſit, quæritis?
　Dactyliothecam non habet.

LXVII. *In Vacerram.*

Et delator es, & calumniator:
Et fraudator es, & negociator:
Et fellator es, & laniſta. miror
Quare non habeas, Vacerra, nummos.

LXVIII. *In Maronem.*

Nil mihi das vivus: dicis poſt fata daturum.
　Si non es ſtultus, ſcis, Maro, quid cupiam.

LXIX. *Ad Mathonem.*

Parva rogas magnos: ſed non dant hæc quoque magni.
　Ut pudeat leviùs te, Matho, magna roga.

And in that bed a briſk and amorous fair,
Who at your table charms us with her air;
Thrice Neſtor's age would ſcarce content your ſoul,
Which would not loſe one moment from the whole.
'Tis eaſy life to ſcorn, by need ſubdu'd:
To bear afflictions is true fortitude.

Ep. LX.

Six rings on every finger Vainlove keeps:
In them he goes to ſtool; in them he ſleeps.
If you are curious, and the cauſe would trace;
It is becauſe he did not hire the caſe.

Ep. LXVII.

You an informer are; and a back-biter:
A common ſharper; and a hackney writer:
A whore-maſter; and maſter of defence:
Jack of all trades; ſtrange! that you want the pence.

Ep. LXVIII.

You nothing give me now: when you expire,
You promiſe all.——You know what I deſire.

Ep. LXIX.

An enſign's poſt you aſk; and that's denied:
Aſk for a colonel's; leſs 'twill hurt your pride.

LXXVII. *Ad Pætum.*

SOLVERE, Pæte, decem tibi me feſtertia cogis,
Perdiderit quoniam Bucco ducenta tibi.
Ne noceant, oro, mihi non mea crimina: tu qui
Bis centena potes perdere, perde decem.

LXXX. *Ad Pætum.*

AD primum decimâ lapidem quòd venimus horâ,
Arguimur lentæ crimine pigritiæ.
Non eſt iſta viæ, non eſt mea, ſed tua culpa;
Miſiſti mulas qui mihi, Pæte, tuas.

LXXXIII. *De Philoſtrato.*

A Sinueſſanis conviva Philoſtratus undis
Conductum repetens nocte jubente larem,
Penè imitatus obit ſævis Elpenora fatis,
Præceps per longos dum ruit uſque gradus.
Non eſſet, Nymphæ, tam magna pericula paſſus,
Si potiùs veſtras ille bibiſſet aquas.

LXXXIV. *Ad Soſibianum.*

NEMO habitat gratis, niſi dives & orbus apud te.
Nemo domum pluris, Soſibiane, locat.

LXXXV. *De Antiocho tonſore.*

QUI nondum Stygias deſcendere quærit ad undas,
Tonſorem fugiat, ſi ſapit, Antiochum.

Ep. LXXVII.

Ten pounds, I owe; you call for in a pet;
Becauſe Tom broke two hundred in your debt.
Hard! I ſhould bear the faults of other men,
You, who could loſe two hundred, pray loſe ten.

Ep. LXXX.

From Kew to town four hours I ſpent; you rail,
As if I travell'd ſlower than a ſnail.
The road was good: not I, but you, to blame;
Who ſent your equipage, in which I came.

LXXXIII.

At Briſtol, Tom from the mayor's feaſt was led;
And home return'd was going up to bed:
From the ſtair-head he like Elpenor fell:
And, like Elpenor, almoſt drop'd to hell.
My ſober friend! reflect upon this matter!
How ſafe are you, who drink but Briſtol water!

Ep. LXXXIV.

Gratis your houſe old batchelors frequent;
Yet none can let a houſe at higher rent.

Ep. LXXXV.

You, who wiſh not to die before your hour,
Truſt not your face to barber Scrapeill's power.

Alba minùs ſævis lacerantur brachia cultris,
  Cùm furit ad Phrygios enthea turba modos.
Mitior implicitas Alcon ſecat enterocēlas,
  Fractáque fabrili dedolat oſſa manu.
Tondeat hic inopes Cynicos, & Stoica menta,
  Colláque pulvereâ nudet equina jubâ.
Hic miſerum Scythicâ ſub rupe Promethea radat;
  Carnificem nudo pectore poſcat avem.
Ad matrem fugiet Pentheus, ad Mænadas Orpheus;
  Antiochi tantùm barbara tela ſonent.
Hæc quæcunque meo numeratis ſtigmata mento,
  In vetuli pictâ qualia fronte ſedent,
Non iracundis fecit gravis unguibus uxor:
  Antiochi ferrum eſt, & ſcelerata manus.
Unus de cunctis animalibus hircus habet cor;
  Barbatus vivit, ne ferat Antiochum.

XCIII. *In Zoilum.*

MENTITUR, qui te vitioſum, Zoile, dixit.
  Non vitioſus homo es, Zoile, ſed vitium.

XCIV. *De Theodoro.*

PIERIOS vatis Theodori flamma Penates
  Abſtulit. hoc Muſis, hoc tibi, Phœbe, placet?
O ſcelus, ô magnum facinus, criménque deorum,
  Non arſit pariter quòd domus, & dominus.

A ſoldier's ſkin is leſs ſeverely rent,
Who runs the gantelope through his regiment:
Hawkins by far cuts eaſier for the ſtone;
And any ſurgeon ſets a broken bone;
A barber, fit for beggars in a lane,
To dock a horſe's tail, or cut his mane.
A felon martyr'd by ſuch hands as theſe,
Would call upon the hangman's hand for eaſe.
Debtors for refuge would to bailiffs fly;
And tars to preſs-gangs, when his razor's nigh.
Look on theſe ſcars! how movingly they ſpeak!
And ſeem as I were burnt in either cheek!
Not of an angry wife they records ſtand;
But Scrapeill's razor, and his bungling hand.
A goat is wiſeſt of the brutiſh herd;
Who, to avoid a Scrapeill, wears his beard.

Ep. XCIII.

He ſays not right, who ſays, that you are evil:
You an ill man !——you are a very devil.

Ep. XCIV.

Poor poet Dogrel's houſe conſum'd by fire!
Is the Muſe pleas'd? or father of the lyre?
O cruel Fate! what injury you do,
To burn the houſe! and not the maſter too!

Ep. CVIII.

CVIII. *Ad Septicianum.*

EXPLICITUM nobis uſque ad ſua cornua librum,
Et quaſi perlectum, Septiciane, refers.
Omnia legiſti. credo, ſcio, gaudeo, verum eſt.
Perlegi libros ſic ego quinque tuos.

Ep. CVIII.

THE leaves all ſoil'd, ſome turn'd, the corners worn,
Shew you've perus'd my work, which you return.
I'm glad you've read it all; I ſee 'tis true;
So I have read five volumes writ by you.

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA.

LIBER DUODECIMUS.

VII. *De Ligiâ.*

TOTO vertice quot gerit capillos,
Annos ſi tot habet Ligia, trima eſt.

X. *De Africano.*

HABET Africanus millies, tamen captat.
Fortuna multis dat nimis, ſatis nulli.

XII. *In Poſtumum.*

OMNIA promittis, cùm totâ nocte bibiſti:
Manè nihil præſtas: Poſtume, manè bibe.

XIII. *Ad Auctum.*

GENUS, Aucte, lucri divites habent iram.
Odiſſe, quàm donare, vilius conſtat.

SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

Book the Twelfth.

Epigram VII.

HER years if number'd by her hairs; I ween,
That lady Elderly is ſcarce nineteen.

Ep. X.

He fawns for more, though he his thouſands touch:
Fortune gives none enough, but ſome too much.

Ep. XII.

In midnight cups you grant all we propoſe:
Next morn neglect: pray, take a morning doſe.

Ep. XIII.

Rich men, my friend, by anger know to thrive.
'Tis cheaper much to quarrel, than to give.

Ep. XIV.

XIV. *Ad Priſcum.*

PARCIUS utaris, moneo, rapiente veredo,
Priſce, nec in lepores tam violentus eas.
Sæpe ſatisfecit prædæ venator, & acri
Decidit excuſſus, nec rediturus equo.
Inſidias & campus habet: nec foſſa, nec agger,
Nec ſint ſaxa licèt, fallere plana ſolent.
Non deerunt, qui tanta tibi ſpectacula præſtent,
Invidiâ fati ſed leviore cadant.
Si te delectant animoſa pericula: Tuſcis
(Tutior eſt virtus) inſidiemur apris.
Quid te frena juvant temeraria? ſæpius illis,
Priſce, datum eſt equitem rumpere, quàm leporem.

XVII. *In Lentinum.*

QUARE tam multis à te, Lentine, diebus
Non abeat febris, quæris, & uſque gemis.
Geſtatur tecum pariter, pariterque lavatur:
Cœnat boletos, oſtrea, ſumen, aprum.
Ebria Setino fit ſæpe, & ſæpe Falerno;
Nec niſi per niveam Cæcuba potat aquam:
Circumfuſa roſis, & nigra recumbit amomo;
Dormit & in plumâ, purpureóque toro.
Cùm ſit ei pulcrè, cùm tam bene vivat apud te,
Ad Dammam potiùs vis tua febris eat?

XVIII. *Ad*

Ep. XIV.

Dear 'ſquire, take my advice; your hunter ſpare:
Nor with ſuch violence purſue a hare.
The ſportſman often does the prey become;
And from his horſe receive his final doom.
No ground is ſafe: if ditch nor bar remain,
Nor pit; your horſe may ſtumble on a plain.
There are enough, at diſtance to divert,
And break their neck, who have not your deſert.
If manly exerciſe ſuch pleaſure yields;
Safer and nobler ſeek in Belgic fields.
Why ride at all? and madly Fate defy?
Roper at laſt before the fox did die.

Ep. XVII.

Your fever ſtill attends you, though you grieve;
Though you complain, will not one moment leave.
With you it travels in a chariot; dines
With you, on truffles, oyſters, ſweetbreads, chines;
Drinks hock; in Burgundy is very nice;
Nor will taſte claret, till 'tis cool'd in ice;
Reclines at eaſe; and ſmells to ſome perfume;
Lodges on down, in a well furniſh'd room.
Think you, a fever, which you treat ſo well,
Will with a porter or a cobler dwell?

Ep. XVIII.

XVIII. *Ad Juvenalem.*

DUM tu forſitan inquietus erras
Clamoſâ, Juvenalis, in Suburâ,
Aut collem dominæ teris Dianæ;
Dum per limina te potentiorum,
Sudatrix toga ventilat, vagúmque
Major Cœlius, & minor fatigant:
Me multos repetita poſt Decembres
Accepit mea, ruſticúmque fecit
Auro Bilbilis, & ſuperba ferro.
Hìc pigri colimus labore dulci
Bothrodum, Plateámque: Celtiberis
Hæc ſunt nomina craſſiora terris.
Ingenti fruor, improbóque ſomno,
Quem nec tertia ſæpe rumpit hora.
Et totum mihi nunc repono, quidquid
Ter denos vigilaveram per annos.
Ignota eſt toga: ſed datur petenti
Ruptâ proxima veſtis è cathedrâ.
Surgentem focus excipit ſuperbâ
Vicini ſtrue cultus iliceti,
Multâ villica quem coronat ollâ.
Venator ſequitur; ſed ille, quem tu
Secretâ cupias habere ſylvâ.

Diſpenſat

Ep. XVIII.

While you perhaps now crowd thro' Temple-bar,
Stun'd with the din of rattling coach and car;
Or towards Paul's are mounting Ludgate-ſtreet;
Or running to the levee of the great;
Or in your lawyer's gown are driving hard;
Either through great or little Palace-yard;
My native Suſſex, and her favourite ſhore,
Of golden harveſts proud, and iron ore,
Me, her too long abſenting renegade,
Again revives, and hath a farmer made.
Buſy but pleas'd, and idly taking pains,
Here Lewes Downs I till, and Ringmer plains;
Names which to each South Saxon are well known,
Though they ſound harſh to powder'd beaux in town.
None can enjoy a ſounder ſleep than mine;
I often do not wake till after nine;
And midnight hours with intereſt repay,
For years in town diverſions thrown away.
Stranger to finery, myſelf I dreſs,
In the firſt coat from an old broken preſs.
My fire, as ſoon as I am up, I ſee
Bright with the ruins of ſome neighbouring tree;
And early by a country cook-wench crown'd
With boiling pots and ſkillets all around.
Next comes my dairy-maid; and ſuch a one,
As Pan himſelf might wiſh to meet alone.

My

Diſpenſat pueris, rogátque longos
Levis ponere villicus capillos.
Sic me vivere, ſic juvat perire.

XX. *Ad Fabullum.*

Quare non habeat, Fabulle, quæris,
Uxorem Themiſon? habet ſororem.

XXI. *Ad Marcellam.*

Municipem rigidi quis te, Marcella, Salonis
Et genitam noſtris quis putet eſſe locis?
Tam rarum, tam dulce ſapis: Pallatia dicent,
Audierint ſi te vel ſemel, eſſe ſuam;
Nulla nec in mediâ certabit nata Suburâ,
Nec Capitolini collis alumna tibi.
Nec citò ridebit peregrini gloria partûs,
Romanam deceat quam magìs eſſe nurum.
Tu deſiderium dominæ mihi mitius urbis
Eſſe jubes: Romam tu mihi ſola facis.

XXIII. *In Læliam.*

Dentibus, atque comis, nec te pudet, uteris emptis.
Quid facies oculo, Lælia? non emitur.

XXIV. *Ad Juvencum, de covino curru.*

O Jucunda, covine, ſolitudo,
Carrucâ magìs, eſſedóque gratum

Facundi

My boys, whoſe heads, rough as a filly's, grow,
Are ſummon'd by my bailiff to the plough.
Such is my life, a life of liberty:
So would I wiſh to live, and ſo to die.

Ep. XX.

You lately were enquiring, why Silveſter
Has not yet got a wife?——He has a ſiſter.

Ep. XXI.

That you were born, and ever ſince have liv'd
In Derby Peak, is ſcarce to be conceiv'd.
Wit ſo uncommon, and diverting too,
Courts might admire, and challenge as their due.
No Pall-mall lady can with you compare;
None, who ſees company in Groſvenor-ſquare.
Nor ſoon again will ſhine in tracts unknown,
One, who would be an ornament to town.
You for the loſt metropolis attone;
And London I enjoy in you alone.

Ep. XXIII.

Your hair and teeth you're not aſham'd to buy.
What will you do, ſhould you loſe t' other eye.

Ep. XXIV.

How pleaſant is this one-horſe chair!
In which alone I take the air:

'Tis

Facundi mihi munus Æliani:
Hìc mecum licet, hìc, Juvence, quidquid
In buccam tibi venerit, loquaris.
Non rector Libyci niger caballi,
Succinctus neque curſor antecedit.
Nuſquam mulio: mannuli tacebunt.
O ſi conſcius eſſet hìc Avitus,
Aurem non ego tertiam timerem.
Totus quàm bene ſic dies abiret!

XXV. *In Theleſinum.*

Cum rogo te nummos ſinè pignore: non habeo, inquis.
Idem, ſi pro me ſpondet agellus, habes.
Quod mihi non credis veteri, Theleſine, ſodali,
Credis colliculis, arboribúſque meis.
Ecce reum Carus te detulit: adſit agellus.
Exilii comitem quæris? agellus eat.

XXVI. *In avarum amicum.*

Sexaginta teras cùm limina manè ſenator,
Eſſe tibi videor deſidioſus eques:
Quòd non à primâ diſcurram luce per urbem,
Et referam laſſus baſia mille domum.

Sed

'Tis Pleadwell's preſent: for my age,
There is no better equipage.
Now with thy maſter, Baſſ, be free,
And ſay whate'er you pleaſe to me.
No maſter of the horſe have I,
Or groom or running-footman by.
And though your curb and harneſs rattle,
The devil's in it, if they tattle.
Would that my honeſt friend Ned Hearty
Were here but with us of the party!
I ſhould not fear, that he would tell:
We three might paſs the day full well.

Ep. XXV.

If I want money; you have none, you cry:
But lend it, if my field's ſecurity.
With what you would not truſt your ancient friend,
That to my acres, and my trees you lend.
Are you indicted for a breach of laws?
Go to my field, and let him plead my cauſe.
Want you a friend your baniſhment to eaſe?
Let my field travel with you, if he pleaſe.

Ep. XXVI.

When in your borough you yourſelf beſtir,
I do appear to you an idle cur;
That by day-break I run not up and down,
And kiſs each voter's wife throughout the town

By

Sed tu purpureis ut des nova nomina faſtis,
  Aut Numidûm gentes, Cappadocúmve petas:
At mihi, quem cogis medios abrumpere ſomnos,
  Et matutinum ferre, patique lutum,
Quid petitur? ruptâ cùm pes vagus exit alutâ,
  Et ſubitus craſſæ decidit imber aquæ:
Nec venit ablatis clamatus verna lacernis;
  Accedit gelidam ſervus ad auriculam,
Et, rogat ut cœnes ſecum Lætorius, inquit.
  Viginti nummis non ego malo famem;
Quòd ſit cœna mihi, tibi ſit provincia merces,
  Et faciamus idem, nec mereamur idem.

XXVII. *In Seniam.*

A latronibus eſſe te fututam
Dicis, Senia: ſed negant latrones.

XXVIII. *In Cinnam.*

Poto ego ſextantes: tu potas, Cinna, deunces.
  Et quereris, quòd non, Cinna, bibamus idem.

XXX. *Ad Aprum.*

Siccus, ſobrius eſt Aper: quid ad me?
Servum ſic ego laudo, non amicum.

XXXI. De

By this you may gain credit in the nation;
Or be made governor of ſome plantation.
But as for me, what end can I obtain?
Whom you compel to break my reſt in vain:
And early march along a dirty ſtreet,
With ſcarce a ſhoe entire upon my feet:
And if a ſudden heavy ſhower deſcends,
Without a boy, who with a cloak attends.
Your ſervant whiſpers to me in this plight,
'His honour begs you'll ſup with him to-night.
Had I not rather by myſelf keep Lent?
Let not our pains and pay be different!
Is it not hard, that this ſhould be the caſe?
I but a ſupper get, and you a place.

Ep. XXVII.

She raviſh'd was by highwaymen, ſhe cries:
Flatly the fact each highwayman denies.

Ep. XXVIII.

I drink a pint; a gallon you: for ſhame!
Can you complain, the wine is not the ſame?

Ep. XXX.

Tom never drinks: that I ſhould much commend
In Tom my coachman, but not Tom my friend.

XXXI. *De hortis Marcellæ uxoris.*

Hoc nemus, hi fontes, hæc textilis umbra ſupini
Palmitis, hoc riguæ ductile flumen aquæ;
Pratáque, nec bifero ceſſura roſaria Pæſto;
Quódque viret Jani menſe, nec alget olus;
Quæque natat clauſis anguilla domeſtica lymphis,
Quæque gerit ſimiles candida turris aves;
Munera ſunt dominæ: poſt ſeptima luſtra reverſo;
Has Marcella domos, parváque regna dedit.
Si mihi Nauſicaë patrios concederet hortos,
Alcinoo poſſem dicere, malo meos.

XXXIV. *Ad Julium Martialem.*

TRIGINTA mihi, quatuórque meſſes
Tecum, ſi memini, fuere, Juli:
Quarum dulcia mixta ſunt amaris;
Sed jucunda tamen fuere plura.
Et ſi calculus omnis huc, & illuc
Diverſus bicolórque digeratur:
Vincet candida turba nigriorem.
Si vitare velis acerba quædam,
Et triſtes animi cavere morſus,
Nulli te facias nimis ſodalem.
Gaudebis minùs, & minùs dolebis.

XXXV. *Ad Calliſtratum.*

TAMQUAM ſimpliciter mecum, Calliſtrate, vivas:
Dicere præciſum te mihi ſæpe ſoles.

Ep. XXXI.

This grove; theſe fountains; tonſile Linden's ſhade;
Refreſhing ſtreams, by ductile waters made;
Theſe flowering meadows, ſtill like Eden gay;
Theſe pot-herbs green, that dare the coldeſt day;
This eel, which ſwims familiar to the ſight;
This towering dove-houſe, cover'd with its flight;
I to my wife, after long abſence, owe:
'Tis ſhe this houſe, this kingdom, did beſtow:
Could I with the firſt fair have paradiſe,
Bleſt as I am, the boon I would deſpiſe.

Ep. XXXIV.

We two, in fair and in foul weather,
Thirty-four years have paſs'd together:
Nor ſweet nor ſour our cup did want;
The ſweet hath been predominant:
And bring life's chequer'd board to light,
Fewer the ſpots of black than white.
Would you ſhun many things to curſe,
And guard againſt the mind's remorſe,
With none too intimately live;
Leſs you'll rejoice, and leſs will grieve.

Ep. XXXV.

Free from reſerve you would to me appear;
And tell me, you are pox'd, to ſeem ſincere.

Non es tam ſimplex, quàm vis, Calliſtrate, credi:
  Nam quiſquis narrat talia, plura tacet.

XXXVI. *In Labullum.*

LIBRAS quatuor, aut duas amico,
Algentémque togam, brevémque lænam,
Interdum aureolos manu crepanteis,
Poſſint ducere qui duas calendas,
Quòd nemo, niſi tu, Labulle, donas;
Non es, crede mihi, bonus. quid ergo?
Ut verum loquar, optimus malorum.
Piſones, Senecáſque, Memmióſque,
Et Criſpos mihi redde, ſed priores:
Fies protinus ultimus bonorum.
Vis curſu, pedibúſque gloriari?
Tigrim vince, levémque Paſſerinum.
Nulla eſt gloria præterire aſellos.

XL. *In Pontilianum,*

MENTIRIS? credo: recitas mala carmina? laudo:
  Cantas? canto: bibis, Pontiliane? bibo.
Pedis? diſſimulo: gemmâ vis ludere? vincor.
  Res una eſt ſine me, quam facis, & taceo.
Nil tamen omnino præſtas mihi.. mortuus, inquis,
  Accipiam bene te. nil volo: ſed morere.

XLV. *Al*

But with a friend this is not dealing well ;
For he muſt more conceal, who this could tell.

Ep. XXXVI.

THOUGH you beſtow upon a man of worth,
A jacket, joſeph, dinner, or ſo forth ;
A piece or two in hand, which ſoon muſt fail,
And ſave but two months longer from a jail ;
And though ſcarce one beſides yourſelf does thus ;
Believe me, Sir, you are not generous.
What am I then ? ſay you. Why truly, I Sir
Think you at beſt a better ſort of miſer.
Recall to mind the Piſos, Senecas ;
(Bounty, which is not now, but ſuch as was)
Compar'd with them, how much are you ſurpaſs'd !
Of all the generous men you are the laſt.
If for Newmarket plate you would contend ;
'Tis ſtrength, 'tis ſwiftneſs, that muſt recommend.
The glory is, from the beſt horſe to gain ;
Not to o'ertake an aſs upon the plain.

Ep. XL.

I PRAISE your dogrel verſe : believe your lye :
You ſing, I ſing : you drink, and ſo do I.
You fart, I ſtrive : we play, you win the game :
One thing, you do without me, I don't name.
And yet you nothing give me : when you die,
You promiſe much :—but one more wiſh have I.

XLV. *Ad Phœbum.*

Hoedina tibi pelle contegenti
Nudæ tempora verticémque calvæ;
Feſtivè tibi, Phœbe, dixit ille,
Qui dixit caput eſſe calceatum.

XLVI. *Ad Claſſicum.*

Vendunt carmina Gallus, & Lupercus;
Sanos Claſſice, nunc nega poëtas.

XLVIII. *In lautum invitatorem.*

Boletos & aprum ſi tanquam vilia ponis,
  Et non eſſe putas hæc mea vota: volo.
Si fortunatum fieri me credis, & hæres
  Vis ſcribi, propter quinque Lucrina; vale.
Lauta tamen cœna eſt: fateor, lautiſſima; ſed cras
  Nil erit, imò hodie; protinus imò nihil;
Quod ſciat infelix damnatæ ſpongia virgæ,
  Vel quicumque canis, junctáque teſta viæ;
Mullorum, leporúmque, & ſuminis exitus hic eſt;
  Sulphureúſque color, carnificéſque pedes.
Non Albana mihi ſit comiſſatio tanti;
  Nec Capitolinæ, pontificúmque dapes.
Imputet ipſe Deus nectar mihi, fiet acetum,
  Et Vaticani perfida vappa cadi.
Convivas alios cœnarum quære magiſter,
  Quos capiant menſæ regna ſuperba tuæ:
Me meus ád ſubitas invitet amicus ofellas;
  Hæc mihi, quam poſſum reddere, cœna placet.

Ep. XLV.

WHEN to ſecure your bald pate from the weather,
You lately wore a cap of black neats leather;
He was a very wag, who to you ſaid,
'Why do you wear your ſlippers on your head?'

Ep. XLVI.

WHEN Scribler makes us for his verſe ſubſcribe,
All are not mad of the poetic tribe.

Ep. XLVIII.

AS common fare, when ſauſages and chine
You place before me; I with pleaſure dine.
But if you think to pleaſe me; or conceive
By ſoups to be my heir; I take my leave.
Your dinner's nice; extremely nice, I own;
Yet it is nought the moment it is down.
Perchance, it to a dirty mop may fall,
A hungry dog, cloſeſtool, or urinal.
In what ends mullet, hare, and ſeaſon'd meat?
In aſhy countenance, and gouty feet.
Dear at that rate the moſt delicious cheer:
A coronation feaſt by much too dear!
Think you, when you your Burgundy do pour,
You honour me? the thought will turn it ſour.
Proud entertainer, ſeek another gueſt
To praiſe the regal ſplendour of your feaſt.
Me let a friend to a chance ſcrap receive:
I like a dinner, ſuch as I can give.

XLIX. *Ad Linum pædagogum.*

CRINITÆ Line pædagoge turbæ,
Rerum quem dominum vocat ſuarum
Et credit cui Poſtumilla dives
Gemmas, aurea, vina, concubinos:
Sic te, perpetuâ ſide probatum,
Nulli non tua præferat patrona;
Succurras miſero, precor, furori
Et ſerves aliquando negligenter
Illos, qui malè cor meum perurunt:
Quos & noctibus & diebus opto
In noſtro cupidus ſinu videre:
Formoſos, niveos, pares, gemellos;
Grandes, non pueros, ſed uniones.

L. *In habentem amœnas ædes.*

DAPHNONAS, platanonas & aërias cypariſſos,
Et non unius balnea ſolus habes;
Et tibi centenis ſtat porticus alta columnis,
Calcatúſque tuo ſub pede lucet onyx;
Pulvereúmque fugax hippodromon ungula plaudit,
Et pereuntis aquæ fluctus ubique ſonat.
Atria longa patent: ſed nec cœnantibus uſquam,
Nec ſomno locus eſt. quàm bene non habitas!

LI. *De Fabullo.*

TAM ſæpe noſtrum decipi Fabullinum
Miraris, Aule? ſemper bonus homo tiro eſt.

Ep. XLIX.

Thou maſter of Tête de Mouton,
Thou Calverly of high renown,
To whom my lady Wealthy ſent,
Her girl with every ornament.
Long be you famous for your care;
And mothers you to all prefer.
Pity on me, ſome pity, have,
To a ſtrong paſſion quite a ſlave.
Nor guard ſo cloſe what I admire,
And what hath ſet my heart on fire:
Which night and day I long to hold;
And eager on my breaſt infold:
Bright, ſparkling, lively, lovely, fair:
—I ſpeak of miſs's ſolitaire.

Ep. L.

None equal you in trees for ever green:
Your bath's the moſt majeſtic can be ſeen:
Your colonnade is lofty, ſpacious, fine:
And underfoot your marble pavements ſhine:
Round your wide park the fleeting couſer bounds:
Many caſcades ſalute us with their ſounds:
Apartments grand; no place to eat or ſleep!
What a moſt noble houſe you do *not* keep!

Ep. LI.

Wonder you, Meanwell is ſo often bit?
An honeſt man's a child in worldly wit.

LVII. *Ad Sparſum.*

Cur ſæpe ſicci parva rura Nomenti,
Larémque villæ ſordidum petam, quæris?
Nec cogitandi, Sparſe, nec quieſcendi
In urbe locus eſt pauperi. negant vitam
Ludimagiſtri manè, nocte piſtores,
Ærariorum marculi die toto.
Hinc ociofus ſordidam quatit menſam
Neronianâ nummularius maſſâ:
Illinc paludis malleator Hiſpanæ
Tritum nitenti fuſte verberat ſaxum:
Nec turba ceſſat entheata Bellonæ,
Nec faſciato naufragus loquax trunco,
A matre doctus nec rogare Judæus,
Nec ſulfuratæ lippus inſtitor mercis.
Numerare pigri damna qui poteſt ſomni,
Dicet, quot æra verberent manus urbis,
Cùm ſecta Colcho luna vapulat rhombo.
Tu, Sparſe, neſcis iſta, nec potes ſcire,
Petilianis delicatus in regnis,
Cui plana ſummos deſpicit domus montes,
Et rus in urbe eſt, vinitórque Romanus.
Nec in Falerno colle major autumnus,
Intráque limen clauſus eſſedo curſus,
Et in profundo ſomnus, & quies nullis
Offenſa linguis; nec dies, niſi admiſſus.
Nos tranſeuntis riſus excitat turbæ,
Et ad cubile eſt Roma: tædio feſſis
Dormire quoties libuit, imus ad villam.

Ep. LVII.

Why to a homely cottage I retire,
On a dry ſpot, not far from Harrow ſpire?
Becauſe a man, ſo poor as I, may creep
Round town; nor find a hole to think or ſleep.
Is it to live? to lodge as in a mill:
Diſturb'd each morn by chimney-ſweepers ſhrill:
With pewterers' hammers tinkling in ones ears;
With alley jobbers crying bulls and bears.
Here Iriſh bog-trotters, now paviors grown,
Ram with loud hems and thumps the ſhining ſtone.
There ſoldiers marching to their duty come,
With trumpets ſounding; and with beat of drum.
Dun'd by a ſailor with a wooden leg;
Or little Palatine brought up to beg.
Stun'd by a train of ragged dirty wretches,
Hawking a Grubſtreet paper, or card matches.
The ways to loſe one's ſleep whoever tells,
Might count the changes on St. Martin's bells.
But you, my lord, know none of all this ill,
Whoſe palace looks o'er Conſtitution Hill.
Your *rus in urbe* delicately yields
A proſpect fair o'er Chelſea's twice-mow'd fields.
Within your gate a yard to turn a coach:
Your chamber ſafe from noiſe and day's approach.
No paſſing mob with idle jokes to noiſe it;
Nor lodging-room with London for its cloſet.
Fatigued with all this hubbub, far we fly it,
To paſs in country cot the night in quiet.

LX. *Ad ſuum natalem.*

MARTIS alumne dies, roſeam quo lampada primum,
Magnáque ſiderei vidimus ora dei:
Si te rure coli, viridéſque pigebit ad aras,
Qui fueras Latiâ cultus in urbe mihi:
Da veniam, ſervire meis quòd nolo calendis,
Et quâ ſum genitus, vivere luce volo.
Natali pallere ſuo, ne calda Sabello
Deſit, & ut liquidum potet Alauda merum,
Turbida ſollicito tranſmittere Cæcuba ſacco;
Atque inter menſas ire, redire ſuas;
Excipere hos, illos, & totâ ſurgere cœnâ
Marmora calcantem frigidiora gelu:
Quæ ratio eſt, hæc ſponte tuâ perferre, patique,
Quæ, te ſi jubeat rex dominúſve, neges?

LXI. *De Ligurrâ.*

VERSUS, & breve vividúmque carmen
In te ne faciam times, Ligurra;
Et dignus cupis hôc metu videri:
Sed fruſtra metuis, cupíſque fruſtra.
In tauros Libyci fremunt leones;
Non ſunt papilionibus moleſti.
Quæras, cenſeo, ſi legi laboras,
Nigri fornicis ebrium poëtam;
Qui carbone rudi, putríque cretâ
Scribit carmina, quæ legunt cacantes.

Frons

Ep. LX.

Hail Taffi's day! on which my race begun;
On which I firſt beheld the glorious ſun.
That day I now in rural eaſe will ſpend;
In banquet whilom paſs'd with many a friend,
No longer ſlave to forms, I will contrive,
Upon that day, which gave me life, to live.
Is it to keep the day? in pain to ſup,
About Sir Harry's hock, and Ned's ſpice-cup.
Anxious the punch well zeſted be, and bright:
The tables, diſhes, company placed right.
Riſing each moment during the whole feaſt;
And catching cold to compliment each gueſt.
Were this commanded, we ſhould not comply:
Why therefore chuſe ſuch formal ſlavery?

Ep. LXI.

You dread my verſe, and ſting of wit,
Which put you in a ſhaking fit:
Would ſeem of rank to entertain
Such fears: your fears and hopes are vain.
'Tis at the bull that lions fly,
While rats run unregarded by.
Find other poets, if you long
To be the burden of a ſong:
Some drunken bard from Grubſtreet hole,
Who, with a piece of chalk or coal,
May draw a line or two of ſatire,
Which we may read in eaſing nature.

Your

Frons hæc ſtigmate non meo notanda eſt.

LXIII. *Ad Cordubam.*

UNCTO Corduba lætior Venafro,
Hiſtrâ nec minùs abſoluta teſtâ,
Albi quæ ſuperas oves Galeſi,
Nullo murice, nec cruore mendax,
Sed tinctis gregibus colore vivo:
Dic veſtro, rogo, ſit pudor poëtæ,
Ne gratìs recitet meos libellos:
Ferrem, ſi faceret bonus poëta,
Cui poſſem dare mutuos honores:
Corrumpit ſinè talione cœlebs.
Cæcus perdere non poteſt, quod aufert.
Nil eſt deterius latrone nudo:
Nil ſecurius eſt malo poëtâ.

LXVIII. *Ad clientes.*

MATUTINE cliens, urbis mihi cauſa relictæ;
Atria, ſi ſapias, ambitioſa colas.
Non ſum ego cauſidicus, nec amaris litibus aptus;
Sed piger, & ſenior, Pieridúmque comes.
Ocia me, ſomnúſque juvant, quæ magna negavit
Roma mihi: redeo, ſi vigilatur & hic.

LXX. De

Your coxcomb may deſerve the burden,
Not of my verſe, but of my jordan.

Ep. LXIII.

O Grubstreet! fam'd for dying ſpeech,
And many a ſcrap to wipe the breech:
With pamphlet and with journal vying
In downright, true blue, native lying:
Pray tell your ſhameleſs bard, who gratis
Repeats my works; that 'tis *plus ſatis*.
From a good poet ſuch behaviour
I'd bear, and might return the favour.
When batchelors ſupply your place,
There's no retaliating the caſe.
If a blind man beats out your eye,
You can't return the injury.
As beggars are from ſuits inſur'd;
So a bad poet is ſecur'd.

Ep. LXVIII.

Thou morning client, this is my retreat;
Go to the town and palace of the great.
No lawyer I, nor can your cauſe defend;
But old, and idle, and the muſe's friend.
Eaſe and repoſe I love; but if in vain
I ſeek them here; why not to town again?

LXX. *De Apro.*

LINTEA ferret Apro vacuus cùm vernula nuper,
Et ſupra togulam luſca ſederet anus;
Atque olei ſtillam daret enterocelicus unctor:
Udorum tetricus cenſor & aſper erat:
Frangendos calices, effundendúmque Falernum
Clamabat, biberet qui modò lotus eques.
A ſene ſed poſtquam patruo venere trecenta;
Sobrius à thermis neſcit abire domum.
O quantum diatreta valent, & quinque comati!
Tunc, cùm pauper erat, non ſitiebat Aper.

LXXII. *Ad Pannicum.*

JUGERA mercatus prope buſta latentis agelli,
Et malè compactæ culmina fulta caſæ,
Deſeris urbanas, tua prædia, Pannice, lites,
Parváque ſed tritæ præmia certa togæ.
Frumentum, milium, ptiſanámque, fabámque ſolebas
Vendere pragmaticus: nunc emis agricola.

LXXIV. *Ad Flaccum.*

CUM tibi Niliacus portet cryſtalla cataplus,
Accipe de circo pocula Flaminio.
Hi magìs audaces, an ſunt, qui talia mittunt
Munera? ſed geminus vilibus uſus ineſt.
Nullum ſollicitant hæc, Flacce, toreumata furem,
Et nimiùm calidis non vitiantur aquis.
Quid, quòd ſecuro potat conviva miniſtro,
Et caſum tremulæ non timuere manus?

Hoc

Ep. LXX.

TOM had a lad lame with a broken thigh;
And an old houſekeeper with but one eye:
On greaſy ſteake from chop-houſe did regale;
And againſt drunkards moſt devoutly rail.
Did you for bottles after dinner call;
He damn'd the bottles, glaſſes, wine, and all.
Now an eſtate is from an uncle come;
He from the tavern ne'er goes ſober home;
Such the effect of plate and lacqueys five!
When poor, Tom was the ſobereſt man alive.

Ep. LXXII.

A LITTLE farm you purchaſe near the town,
With a poor timber houſe, juſt dropping down,
And buſineſs quit, a better farm by far;
I mean the certain profits of the bar.
Of wheat, oats, beans, and barley, large ſupplies
The lawyer got; which now the farmer buys.

Ep. LXXIV.

THOUGH ſhips from China bring you cup and jar;
Accept this mug of homely Lambeth ware.
Bold is the man, who ſuch a preſent ſends;
Though a cheap pot many anſwer ſeveral ends.
A thief for this will hardly riſk his neck:
Nor eaſily will ſcalding water break.
The ſervant brings it in no pain at all,
Nor have you any, leſt you let it fall.

Hoc quoque non nihil eſt, quòd propinabis in iſtis,
  Frangendus fuerit ſi tibi, Flacce, calix.

LXXVII. *De Æthonte.*

MULTIS dum precibus Jovem ſalutat,
Stans ſummos reſupinus uſque in ungueis,
Æthon in Capitolio pepedit;
Riſerunt comites: ſed ipſe divûm
Offenſus genitor, trinoctiali
Affecit domicœnio clientem.
Poſt hoc flagitium miſellus Æthon,
Cùm vult in Capitolium venire,
Sellas antè petit Patroclianas,
Et pedit deciéſque, viciéſque:
Sed quamvìs ſibi caverit crepando,
Compreſſis natibus Jovem ſalutat.

LXXXIII. *De Menogene.*

EFFUGERE in thermis, & circa balnea non eſt
  Menogenen, omni tu licèt arte velis.
Captabit tepidum dextrâ, lævâque trigonem,
  Imputet exceptas ut tibi ſæpe pilas.
Colliget, & referet lapſum de pulvere follem,
  Et ſi jam lotus, jam ſoleatus erit.
Lintea ſi ſumes, nive candidiora loquetur,
  Sint licèt infantis ſordidiora ſinu.
Exiguos ſecto comentem dente capillos,
  Dicet Achilleas diſpoſuiſſe comas.

You pledge not him; you think has a diſeaſe;
But drop the cup, and break it, if you pleaſe.

Ep. LXXVII.

While Spintext, in his ſermon long and loud,
On tip-toe catechis'd the liſtening croud;
He from the pulpit did a fart let fly.
The congregation loſt their gravity.
Th' offended biſhop did the thing reſent:
A cruel penance Spintext underwent:
Doom'd to his lordſhip's board no more to come;
But on light diet live three months at home.
And 'tis with Spintext now a conſtant rule,
Before he mounts the deſk, to go to ſtool.
And after all that caution, leſs does mind
His prayers at church, than to hold faſt behind.

Ep. LXXXIII.

To breakfaſt if to Ranelagh you ſtray,
And Supple meet; he's not ſhook off that day.
The boiling kettle with both hands he'll ſeiſe;
And hand the cakes; that you may ſit at eaſe.
In the canal the wind your beaver blows;
To take it out, he ventures over ſhoes.
If you take ſnuff, your box he magnifies,
Although of iron, and the loweſt price.
Then with his comb will ſet young maſter's hair;
And ſwear, no wig can with thoſe locks compare.

Attend

Fumoſæ feret ille tropin de fæce lagenæ,
  Frontis & humorem colliget uſque tuæ.
Omnia laudabit, mirabitur omnia, donec
  Perpeſſus dicas tædia mille, *veni*.

XCI. *De Marone.*

PRO ſene, ſed caro, votum Maro fecit amico,
  Cui gravis, & fervens hemitritæus erat:
Si Stygias æger non iret miſſus ad undas,
  Ut caderet magno victima grata Jovi.
Cœperunt certam medici ſpondere ſalutem.
  Ne votum ſolvat, nunc Maro vota facit.

XCIII. *Ad Priſcum.*

SÆPE rogare ſoles, qualis ſim, Priſce, futurus,
  Si fiam locuples, ſimque repentè potens.
Quemquam poſſe putas mores narrare futuros?
  Dic mihi, ſi fias tu leo, qualis eris?

XCIV. *De Fabullâ.*

QUA mœchum ratione baſiaret
Coram conjuge, reperit Fabulla.
Parvum baſiat uſque morionem:
Hunc multis rapit oſculis madentem
Mœchus protinus, & ſuis repletum
Ridenti dominæ ſtatim remittit.
Quanto morio major eſt maritus?

Attends him to the neceſſary place:
And wipes a drop of ſweat from off his face.
All he admires and praiſes; till in fine
Fatigued you cry, "To-day, pray, with us dine."

Ep. XCI.

WEALTHY was of a fever like to die;
When a moſt ſolemn vow was made by Sly:
If his friend Wealthy gave not up the ghoſt,
A church he'd build at his own proper coſt.
Wealthy gets well: thinks Sly, left in the lurch,
Since private prayer prevail'd, there needs no church.

Ep. XCIII.

WHAT would I do, the queſtion you repeat,
If on a ſudden I were rich and great?
Who can himſelf with future conduct charge?
What would you do, a lion, and at large?

Ep. XCIV.

MY lady Modiſh doth this way deviſe,
To kiſs her ſpark before her huſband's eyes.
She ſlavers o'er her little boy with kiſſes,
And the gallant receives the reaking bliſſes:
Then to the little Cupid gives a ſmack;
And to his laughing mother ſends him back.
But if the huſband is this way beguil'd;
The huſband is by much the greater child.

Ep. C.

C. *In effrontem.*

Os atavi, patris naſum, duo lumina patris,
    Et matris geſtus dicis habere tuæ.
Cùm referas priſcos, nullámque in corpore partem
    Mentiris; frontem, dic mihi, cujus habes?

CII. *Ad Milonem.*

THURA, piper, veſtes, argentum, pallia, gemmas,
    Vendere, Milo, ſoles, cum quibus emptor abit.
Conjugis utilior merx eſt: quæ vendita ſæpe
    Vendentem numquam deſerit, aut minuit.

Ep. C.

You ſay, your noſe and eyes your father's are:
Your mouth your grandſire's: with your mother's air.
Since every part hath got ſome ſtamp upon't;
Pray, tell us, if you can, whoſe is your front.

Ep. CII.

The ſpice, cloaths, plate, and jewels, which each day
By you are ſold, the buyer bears away.
But your wife's merchandiſe yields greater gain,
Which you ſo often ſell, yet ſtill retain.

N. B. The 47th in Spectator Num. 68——the 54th in Spectator Num. 86.

APPENDIX.

Liber Primus.

I. *Ad Catonem.*

NOSSES jocoſæ dulce cùm ſacrum Floræ,
Feſtóſque luſus, & licentiam vulgi,
Cur in theatrum, Cato ſevere, veniſti?
An ideo tantùm veneras, ut exires?

LVI. *Ad Frontonem.*

Vota tui breviter ſi vis cognoſcere Marci,
Clarum militiæ, Fronto, togæque decus:
Hoc petit: eſſe ſui nec magni ruris arator,
Sordidáque in parvis otia rebus amat.
Quiſquam picta colit Spartani frigora ſaxi,
Et matutinum portat ineptus ave;
Cui licet exuviis nemoris ruríſque beato
Ante focum plenas explicuiſſe plagas;
Et piſcem tremulâ ſalientem ducere ſetâ,
Flaváque de rubro promere mella cado?

APPENDIX.

Book the First.

Epigram I. Spectator, N° 446.

WHY doſt thou come, great cenſor of the age,
To ſee the looſe diverſions of the ſtage?
With awful countenance, and brow ſevere,
What in the name of goodneſs doſt thou here?
See the mixt croud! how giddy, lewd, and vain!
Didſt thou come in but to go out again?

Ep. LVI. Cowley.

Well then, Sir, you ſhall know how far extend
The prayers and hopes of your poetic friend:
He does not palaces nor mannors crave,
Would be no lord, but leſs a lord would have:
The ground he holds, if he his own can call;
He quarrels not with heaven becauſe 'tis ſmall:
Let gay and toilſome greatneſs others pleaſe,
He loves of homely littleneſs the eaſe.
Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
And his dear hours in humble viſits ſpend?

Pinguis inæquales onerat cui villica menſas,
Et ſua non emptus præparat ova cinis;
Non amet hanc vitam, quiſquis me non amat, opto;
Vivat & urbanis albus in officiis.

LXIX. *De Rufo.*

Quidquid agit Rufus, nihil eſt niſi Nævia Rufo.
Si gaudet, ſi flet, ſi tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cœnat, propinat, poſcit, negat, innuit; una eſt
Nævia; ſi non ſit Nævia, mutus erit.
Scriberet heſternâ patri cùm luce ſalutem;
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia lumen ave.
Hæc legit, & ridet demiſſo Nævia vultu.
Nævia non una eſt: quid, vir inepte, furis?

CXVIII. *In Lupercum.*

Occurris quoties, Luperce, nobis:
Vis mittam puerum, ſubinde dicis,
Cui tradas epigrammaton libellum,
Lectum quem tibi protinus remittam.

When in the freſh and beauteous fields he may
With various healthful pleaſures fill the day ?
If there be man (ye gods) I ought to hate,
Dependance and attendance be his fate.
Still let him buſy be, and in a croud,
And very much a ſlave, and very proud :
Thus he perhaps powerful and rich may grow ;
No matter, O ye gods ! that I'll allow ;
But let him peace and freedom never ſee ;
Let him not love this life, who loves not me.

Ep. LXIX. SPECTATOR, № 113.

LET Rufus weep, rejoice, ſtand, ſit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk :
Let him eat, drink, aſk queſtions, or diſpute,
Still he muſt ſpeak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

Ep. CXVIII. OLDHAM.

As oft, Sir Tradewell, as we meet,
You're ſure to aſk me in the ſtreet,
When you ſhall ſend your boy to me,
To fetch my book of poetry,
And promiſe you'll but read it o'er,
And faithfully the loan reſtore :

Non eſt, quòd puerum, Luperce, vexes.
Longum eſt, ſi velit ad Pyrum venire,
Et ſcalis habito tribus, ſed altis.
Quod quæris, propiùs petas licebit:
Argi nempe ſoles ſubire letum:
Contra Cæſaris eſt forum taberna,
Scriptis poſtibus hinc & indè totis,
Omnes ut citò perlegas Poëtas.
Illinc me pete; me roges Atrectum:
Hoc nomen dominus gerit tabernæ.
De primo dabit, alteróve nido
Raſum pumice, purpurâque cultum
Denariis tibi quinque Martialem.
Tanti non es, ais. ſapis, Luperce.

But let me tell you as a friend,
You need not take the pains to ſend:
'Tis a long way to where I dwell,
At farther end of Clerkenwell:
There in a garret near the ſky,
Above five pair of ſtairs I lie.
But if you'd have what you pretend,
You may procure it nearer hand:
In Cornhill, where you often go,
Hard by th' Exchange, there is, you know,
A ſhop of rhime, where you may ſee
The poſts all clad in poetry:
There H—— lives of high renown,
The noted'ſt Tory in the town:
Where, if you pleaſe, enquire for me,
And he, or's prentice, preſently
From the next ſhelf will reach you down
The piece well bound for half a crown:
The price is much too dear, you cry,
To give for both the book and me:
Yes doubtleſs for ſuch vanities;
We know, Sir, you are too too wiſe.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

LIII. *In Maximum.*

Vis fieri liber? mentiris, Maxime, non vis:
  Sed fieri ſi vis, hâc ratione potes.
Liber eris, cœnare foris ſi, Maxime, nolis;
  Veientana tuam ſi domat uva ſitim;
Si ridere potes miſeri chryſendeta Cinnæ:
  Contentus noſtrâ ſi potes eſſe togâ;
Si plebeia Venus gemino tibi vincitur aſſe;
  Si tua non rectus tecta ſubire potes.
Hæc tibi ſi vis eſt, ſi mentis tanta poteſtas;
  Liberior Partho vivere rege potes.

LXVIII. *Ad Olum.*

Quòd te nomine jam tuo ſaluto,
Quem regem, & dominum priùs vocabam,
Ne me dixeris eſſe contumacem:
Totis pilea ſarcinis redemi.

Book the Second.

Ep. LIII. Cowley.

Would you be free? 'tis your chief wiſh, you ſay;
Come on; I'll ſhew thee, friend, the certain way:
If to no feaſts abroad thou lov'ſt to go,
Whilſt bounteous God does bread at home beſtow;
If thou the goodneſs of thy cloaths do'ſt prize
By thine own uſe, and not by others' eyes;
If (only ſafe from weathers) thou canſt dwell
In a ſmall houſe, but a convenient ſhell;
If thou without a ſigh, or golden wiſh,
Canſt look upon thy beechen bowl and diſh;
If in thy mind ſuch power and greatneſs be;
The Perſian king's a ſlave compar'd with thee.

Ep. LXVIII. Cowley.

That I do you with humble bows no more,
And danger of my naked head adore;
That I, who lord and maſter cry'd ere while,
Salute you in a new and different ſtyle,
By your own name, a ſcandal to you now,
Think not that I forget myſelf and you:
By loſs of all things by all others ſought,
This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.

Reges & dominos habere debet,
Qui ſe non habet, atque concupiſcit,
Quod reges dominique concupiſcunt.
Servum ſi potes, Ole, non habere;
Et regem potes, Ole, non habere.

XC. *Ad Quinctilianum.*

Quinctiliane, vagæ moderator ſumme juventæ,
Gloria Romanæ, Quinctiliane, togæ;
Vivere quòd propero pauper, nec inutilis annis;
Da veniam: properat vivere nemo ſatis.
Differat hoc, patrios optat qui vincere cenſus,
Atriáque immodicis arctat imaginibus.
Me focus, & nigros non indignantia fumos
Tecta juvant, & fons vivus, & herba rudis.

A lord and maſter no man wants, but he,
Who o'er himſelf has no authority.
Who does for honours and for riches ſtrive,
And follies, without which lords cannot live.
If thou from fortune do'ſt no ſervant crave,
Believe it, thou no maſter need'ſt to have.

Ep. XC. COWLEY.

WONDER not, Sir, (you who inſtruct the town
In the true wiſdom of the ſacred gown)
That I make haſte to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out, till I grow rich and old.
Life for delays, and doubts no time does give;
None ever yet made haſte enough to live.
Let him defer it, whoſe prepoſterous care
Omits himſelf, and reaches to his heir.
Who does his father's bounded ſtores deſpiſe,
And whom his own too never can ſuffice.
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or rooms that ſhine with ought but conſtant fire.
I will content the avarice of my ſight
With the fair gildings of reflected light:
Pleaſures abroad, the ſport of nature yi lds
Her living fountains, and her ſmiling fields.
And then at home, what pleaſure is't to ſee
A little cleanly chearful family!
Which if a chaſte wife crown, no leſs in her
Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer.

Sit mihi verna ſatur; ſit non doctiſſima conjux:
Sit nox cum ſomno; ſit ſinè lite dies.

LIBER QUARTUS.

V. *Ad Fabianum.*

VIR bonus & pauper, linguâque & pectore verus,
Quid tibi vis, urbem qui, Fabiane, petis?
Qui nec leno potes, nec comiſſator haberi,
Nec pavidos triſti voce citare reos:
Nec potes uxorem cari corrumpere amici:
Nec potes algentes arrigere ad vetulas:
Vendere nec vanos circa palatia fumos:
Plaudere nec Cano, plaudere nec Glaphyro.
Unde miſer vives? homo fidus, certus amicus.
Hoc nihil eſt. nunquam ſic Philomelus eris.

Too noble, nor too wiſe, ſhe ſhould not be,
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my life ſlide ſilently away,
With ſleep all night, and quiet all the day.

Book the Fourth.

Ep. V. Cowley.

Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought,
What hath thee, Fabian, to the city brought?
Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd can'ſt play;
Nor with falſe whiſpers th' innocent betray:
Nor corrupt wives; nor from rich beldams get
A living by thy induſtry and ſweat:
Nor with vain promiſes and projects cheat;
Nor bribe nor flatter any of the great.
But you're a man of learning, prudent, juſt;
A man of courage, firm, and fit for truſt.
Why, you may ſtay, and live unenvied here;
But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Liber Quintus.

XXI. *Ad Julium Martialem.*

Si tecum mihi, care Martialis,
Securis liceat frui diebus;
Si diſponere tempus otioſum,
Et veræpariter vacare vitæ:
Nec nos atria, nec domos potentum,
Nec lites tetricas, forúmque triſte
Noſſemus, nec imagines ſuperbas:
Sed geſtatio, fabulæ, libelli,
Campus, porticus, umbra, virgo, thermæ;

Book the Fifth.

Ep. XXI. Cowley.

If, deareſt friend, it my good fate might be
T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
If we for happineſs could leiſure find,
And wand'ring time into a method bind;
We ſhould not ſure the great men's favour need,
Nor on long hopes, the court's thin diet, feed.
We ſhould not patience find to daily hear
The calumnies, and flatteries ſpoken there.
We ſhould not the lords tables humbly uſe,
Or talk in ladies chambers love and news;
But books, and wiſe diſcourſe, gardens and fields,
And all the joys that unmixt nature yields.
Thick ſummer ſhades, where winter ſtill does lye,
Bright winter fires that ſummer's part ſupply.
Sleep not controll'd by cares confin'd to night,
Or bound in any rule but appetite.
Free, but not ſavage or ungracious mirth,
Rich wines to give it free and eaſy birth.
A few companions, which ourſelves ſhould chuſe,
A gentle miſtreſs, and a gentler muſe.

Hæc eſſent loca ſemper, hi labores.
Nunc vivit ſibi neuter, heu, bonóſque
Soles effugere, atque abire ſentit;
Qui nobis pereunt, & imputantur,
Quiſquam vivere cùm ſciat, moratur?

LIX. *Ad Poſtumum.*

Cras te victurum, cras dicis, Poſtume, ſemper;
Dic mihi cras iſtud, Poſtume, quando venit?
Quàm longè cras iſtud? ubi eſt? aut unde petendum?
Numquid apud Parthos, Armenióſque latet?
Jam cras iſtud habet Priami vel Neſtoris annos.
Cras iſtud quanti, dic mihi, poſſit emi?
Cras vives: hodie jam vivere, Poſthume, ſerum eſt.
Ille ſapit, quiſquis, Poſtume, vixit heri.

Liber Septimus.

CI. *Ibidem de vetula.*

Tacta places, audita places; ſi non videare,
Tota places: neutro, ſi videare, places.

Such, deareſt friend, ſuch without doubt ſhould be,
Our place, our buſineſs, and our company.
Now to himſelf, alas, does neither live,
But ſee good ſuns, of which we are to give
A ſtrict account, ſet and march thick away;
Knows a man how to live, and does he ſtay?

Ep. LIX. Cowley.

To morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what fair country does this morrow lye,
That 'tis ſo mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis ſo far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does ſay;
To-day itſelf's too late, the wiſe lived yeſterday.

Book the Seventh.

Ep. CI. Spectator, N° 52.

Whilst in the dark on thy ſoft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting ſiren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguiſh I endur'd!
But when the candle enter'd I was cur'd.

Liber Decimus.

XLVII. *Ad Julium Martialem.*

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundiſſime Martialis, hæc ſunt;
Res non parta labore, ſed relicta;
Non ingratus ager, focus perennis,
Lis nunquam; toga rara; mens quieta;
Vires ingenuæ; ſalubre corpus;
Prudens ſimplicitas; pares amici;

Convictus

BOOK the TENTH.

Ep. XLVII. COWLEY.

SINCE, deareſt friend, 'tis your deſire to ſee
A true receipt of happineſs from me;
Theſe are the chief ingredients, if not all,
Take an eſtate neither too great nor ſmall,
Which *quantum ſufficit* the doctors call.
Let this eſtate from parents' care deſcend;
The getting it too much of life does ſpend.
Take ſuch a ground, whoſe gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for induſtry.
Let conſtant fires the winter's fury tame,
And let thy kitchen's be a veſtal flame.
Thee to the town let never ſuit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, buſineſs draw.
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undiſturbed peace, yet not in ſleep.
Let exerciſe a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the compoſition's vain.
In the ſame weight prudence and innocence take,
And of each does the juſt mixture make.

But

Convictus facilis; ſinè arte menſa;
Nox non ebria, ſed ſoluta curis;
Non triſtis torus, & tamen pudicus;
Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras;
Quod ſis, eſſe velis, nihilque malis;
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

XCVI. Ad Avitum.

Sæpe loquar nimiùm gentes quòd, Avite, remotas
Miraris, Latiâ factus in urbe ſenex;
Auriferúmque Tagum ſitiam, patriúmque Salonem,
Et repetam ſaturæ ſordida rura caſæ.
Illa placet tellus, in quâ res parva beatum
Me facit, & tenues luxuriantur opes.
Paſcitur hìc: ibi paſcit ager; tepet igne maligno
Hìc focus, ingenti lumine lucet ibi.
Hìc pretioſa fames, conturbatórque macellus,
Menſa ibi divitiis ruris operta ſui.

But a few friendſhips wear, and let them be
By nature and by fortune fit for thee.
Inſtead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
If any cares into the day-time creep,
At night, without wine's opium, let them ſleep.
Let reſt, which nature does to darkneſs wed,
And not luſt, recommend to thee thy bed.
Be ſatisfied, and pleas'd with what thou art;
Act chearfully and well th' allotted part;
Enjoy the preſent hour, be thankful for the paſt,
And neither fear, nor wiſh th' approaches of the laſt.

Ep. XCVI. Cowley.

Me, who have lived ſo long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat,
And a retreat ſo diſtant as may ſhew
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a country how remote ſo e'er,
Where happineſs a moderate rate does bear;
Where poverty itſelf in plenty flows,
And all the ſolid uſe of riches knows.
The ground about the houſe maintains it there;
The houſe maintains the ground about it here.
Here even hunger's dear, and a full board
Devours the vital ſubſtance of the lord.
The land itſelf does there the feaſt beſtow,
The land itſelf muſt here to market go.

Three

Quatuor hìc æſtate togæ, pluréſve teruntur;
  Autumnis ibi me quatuor una tegit.
I, cole nunc reges; quicquid non præſtat amicus,
  Cùm præſtare tibi poſſit, Avite, locus.

LIBER DUODECIMUS.

XLVII. *In habentem varios mores.*

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem:
  Nec tecum poſſum vivere; nec ſine te.

LIV. *In*

Three or four ſuits one winter here does waſte;
One ſuit does there three or four winters laſt.
Here every frugal man muſt oft be cold,
And little luke-warm fires to you ſold:
There fire's an element as cheap and free
Almoſt as any other of the three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their ſports, and at their table eat;
When all the bounties here of men you ſcore,
The place's bounty there will give you more.

Book the Twelfth.

Ep. XLVII. Spectator, Nº 68.

In all thy humours whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt ſuch a touchy, teſty, pleaſant fellow;
Haſt ſo much wit and mirth, and ſpleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, or without thee.

LIV. *In Zoilum.*

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læſus,
Rem magnam præſtas, Zoile, ſi bonus es.

Ep. LIV. Spectator, N° 86.

Thy beard and head are of a different dye;
Short of one foot, diſtorted in an eye:
With all theſe tokens of a knave complete,
Should'ſt thou be honeſt, thou'rt a dev'liſh cheat.

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